

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of H. M. S. "Fly," commanded by Capt. F. P. Blackwood, R. N., in Torres Strait, New Guinea, and other Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, during the Years 1842—1846, together with an Excursion into the Interior of the Eastern part of Java.* By J. BEETA JUKES, M. A., F. G. S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1847.
2. *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs, being the first part of the Geology of the Voyage of the "Beagle," under the command of Capt. Fitzroy, during the Years 1832—1836.* By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., F. G. S. London, 1842.

THE volumes we have placed at the head of this article form the narrative of one of those expeditions of maritime survey in a distant region of the globe, by which the credit and interests of England, as the great maritime and colonial power of the world, are maintained and enlarged. What we have hitherto accomplished of such research, though perhaps adequate to, does not exceed, the demand that may fairly be made from a nation circumstanced as we are as to territory, commerce, and the arts and improvements of social life. In this matter there is an obligation distinctly due to ourselves, to other nations, and to posterity; and while deprecating, as we do, all narrow and parsimonious views in dealing with an obligation thus incurred, we may add our belief that no public expenditure can be more profitably made—no public services more beneficially applied—than in forwarding those large researches and surveys by which, while nurturing officers and seamen of the highest class, we open new channels, and give fresh vigor and greater security to the undertakings of commerce over the globe.

In this age, indeed, we can no longer send adventurers forth to achieve the discovery of new lands, or shores vaguely shadowed out by the imagination of antiquity. With the exception of the ice-bound tracts which circumscribe the poles, and into which the disciplined boldness of our navigators has of late deeply penetrated—and with the further exception of those large islands which form the south-eastern boundary of the Indian Archipelago—all the great outlines of the globe may be said to have been drawn and defined. No Atlantis now remains to be sought for in the Western Ocean; nor is there space or spot anywhere left for those romantic wonders of the traveller, so pleasantly pictured by Ariosto:—

"Che narrandogli poi non segli crede,
E stimato bugiardo ne rimane."

The human tails of Lord Monboddio's theory are

no longer considered hopeful subjects for research, and even if the modern story of a tribe of pigmies to the south of Abyssinia were better accredited than it is likely to be, yet would this afford poor compensation for the loss of the gigantic Patagonians, whom recent voyagers have reduced to little more than the ordinary level of the species. The new animals and plants fetched from remote lands have each their *analogues*, already named and registered, in our cabinets and museums; while the huge bones and vestiges of extinct life, which in all parts of the world have perplexed curiosity and startled ignorance, are now submitted to technical description, and brought under the same strict laws of classification as the living forms that surround us.

The romance of voyage and travel is therefore well-nigh at an end, nor is it likely anything should hereafter occur to revive it. Utility, in all public undertakings of this kind, is now mainly sought after—what can be gained to physical science, to colonization, or to commerce and the conveniences of life. The construction of more accurate charts—the correct fixing of latitudes and longitudes—the discovery of new harbors and rivers fitted for navigation—the sounding of seas from depths which barely float a ship, to the profound abysses of ocean where fathom-line of five miles will hardly touch the ground—the determination of tides and currents—observation on winds and storms—tables of magnetic variation, now so important to the exact science of navigation:—these, and other matters more purely scientific, we find appended, in one shape or other, to all relations of modern voyages, as the documents of highest interest and value. And rightly indeed so esteemed, looking to the actual condition and future prospects of the world; in which certain eminent and favored races, foremost in civilization, are rapidly diffusing themselves, with growing numbers, over regions tenanted before by savage or half-civilized tribes, the fractional remnants of an earlier peopling of the globe. The race to which we belong stands indisputably first among those thus favored, and is spreading itself with greatest vigor and energy of purpose over the face of the earth. In preparing the high roads for such migration, and giving scheme, order, and good governance to the colonies thus widely disseminated, "England must never forget her precedence in teaching nations how to live." It is, as we have already said, a debt which we owe to the existing world and to the generations coming after us.

The shores of the great southern continent of Australia have recently given ample scope and object to these expeditions of maritime survey. Our national interests are now indeed so deeply

concerned in this vast and most singular country, and in the rapid progress our colonies there are making in population, agriculture, mining, commerce, and all that constitutes the germ of important communities, that there could be no excuse for indifference or inertness as to researches thus directed. In former articles we have sought to draw the attention of our readers to this subject, and to do justice to the labors of the zealous and adventurous men who have braved toil, and every shape and excess of physical privation, in the prosecution of discovery along the coasts and in the interior of New Holland. Since the date of the last of these articles, an expedition under the conduct of Dr. Leichardt, long hidden in the solitudes of north-east Australia, and of the safety of which all hope had been well-nigh abandoned, suddenly emerged from the interior at Port Essington on the northern coast, having accomplished a longer and deeper section of the continent than had been attained by any previous effort—through a region wholly unexplored before, and yielding, in many parts, the fairest promise to future explorers. The details of this remarkable journey are yet only partially known to us here, but we trust no long time may elapse before they are brought forward in fuller and more satisfactory form. It is a direction of discovery which is sure to be speedily followed by other adventurers, and probably with colonization soon treading after, in the tracks thus recently disclosed by these intrepid pioneers.

The voyage of Captain Blackwood, narrated in the volumes before us, was undertaken by direction of the Board of Admiralty, and extended over a period of more than four years—the principal part of this time occupied in a silent, laborious, and oftentimes dangerous survey of one of the most singular channels of navigation in the world. The quarter to which his operations were directed is the north-east coast of New Holland, of which the line of discovery pursued by Leichardt may be said to form the interior chord. These two expeditions therefore have been in some sort supplemental to each other, and to the survey of the Gulf of Carpentaria by Captain Stokes in the years immediately preceding. But the more definite object assigned to Captain Blackwood was the completion of the survey of the channel or channels before mentioned, through which a hardy and prosperous traffic is already beginning to flow, and which are likely hereafter to become one of the great passages for the commerce of the Indian Archipelago and southern hemisphere. We have every reason to infer from these volumes, as well as from other information which has reached us, that this officer fulfilled excellently the arduous duties intrusted to him, proving himself a worthy successor of Flinders, Bligh, King, Stokes, and other eminent navigators who have labored in the work of discovery on the same shores.

It will be seen from the title of the volumes that Captain Blackwood is not the historian of his own voyages. Though there have been some cases where we could not regret this transference of the

task, yet, generally speaking, we prefer a narrative coming from the hands of the commander himself, as having more of natural vigor and earnestness, and a more determined appreciation of the objects of inquiry, than we usually meet with in subordinate officers, even though perchance more largely provided with scientific knowledge. In the instance before us, Captain Blackwood waived his right of publication in favor of Mr. Jukes, naturalist to the expedition, who, in a modest prefatory letter, acknowledges this kindness, and apologizes for the deficiencies of his work. It is doing no wrong to Mr. Jukes to say that he ranks in a very different class of writers from Mr. Darwin, to whose eminent merits, as the scientific narrator of Captain Fitzroy's voyage in the *Beagle*, we sought to render justice in a former number of this Review. Exclusively of other causes of inferiority, we must admit that the subject-matter here is of narrower scope and inferior interest; and perplexing to the narrator as well as the reader, by the details of a survey, carried on in successive steps at different periods of time, on the same shores and amidst the same group of coral reefs. The second volume, indeed, carries us over Torres Strait to the southern coast of New Guinea, and the eastern parts of Java and the neighboring isles; but as a whole the work wants salient points of interest; and the real and permanent value of the voyage must not be looked for in this narrative, but in the charts and other aids it has afforded to the navigation of these remote seas; and in certain documents, connected with the natural history and languages of the Australian continent, to which we shall have occasion afterwards to refer.

Mr. Jukes shows himself aware of some of the difficulties and deficiencies we have stated. Had he been more of an artist in narrative—one of those who "work by a sort of felicity, and not by rule"—he might to some extent have obviated them, without any departure from the truth of relation, or affectation of fine writing. By better selection and grouping of his materials he might have done more to aid the imagination of the reader; and to furnish him with livelier pictures, not only of the scenery of shore and reef, but of the acts and events of a maritime life, thus peculiar in kind. The operations of surveying and sounding on new coasts must often be tedious enough to those concerned in them; but they call into action all the higher qualities of seamanship—the zeal, steadiness, intelligence, and boldness of this noble service;—and, continued thus over a period of months, or even years, it is impossible that they should have been wanting in incidents to excite and gratify curiosity among those ignorant of such operations, and desirous to obtain information. Much more too of personal interest might have been given to the narrative. It is not enough to know that H. M. ship *Fly* and the *Bramble* cutter were employed on the expedition; or to be told in the preface that "the officers were uniformly kind, and the ships' companies well conducted." These conventioned courtesies are all proper and

pleasing; but, as readers, we desire to know somewhat more of those whom we thus accompany through their labors on the sea—both the “*fortem Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*,” who walk the quarter-deck, and the gallant men underneath them, who toiled for years together in this arduous service of surveying. And we should gladly have been made more familiar with the vessels themselves—their tonnage, equipment, sailing qualities, and other similar details, which impart life to the story, and interest to events otherwise barren. It may be that such particularities as these, well befitting the history of an American whaler or a Californian trader from Boston, are not considered seemly as applied to her majesty's ships of war. Nevertheless, we are sure that, without any breach of professional etiquette, much might have been done to take off an air of baldness from the book, and to vivify it into a more popular and instructive form. Were it not rather an untoward comparison for a book of travels, we might liken it in this matter to a novel or play, where the interest in events and places mainly depends on the feeling we have already acquired in the persons who act, prosper, or suffer in the progress of the story.

We have especially to complain that Mr. Jukes has not prefixed to his narrative some distinct statement of the objects of the voyage, nor even adverted to the place in his volumes where such might be found. The reader is left to infer these objects from detached passages, very imperfectly designating the motives and peculiarities of the survey, until near the close of the first volume, where there is introduced a valuable chapter on the structure and extent of the Great Barrier Reef, and its relation to the navigation of these seas.

In the appendix, moreover, we find a copy of the Admiralty orders under which Captain Blackwood sailed; a perspicuous document, and excellent not only in the explicit nature of the naval instructions, but also in its humane and judicious inculcation of rules for intercourse with the natives. We quote what may suffice to show the main purposes of the expedition:—

“Whereas a large proportion of the vessels trading to the South Sea and to Australia are obliged to return to Europe or proceed to India by way of Torres Strait—many of which vessels, when weak-handed, in order to avoid the frequent anchorage necessary in the in-shore passage by which is called King's Rout, stand out to sea till an opportunity offers for making one of the narrow gaps in the Barrier Reefs, through which they steer for the strait—and whereas several vessels have thus been lost, there being no other guide to these openings than the casual observation of latitude, which is often incorrect, there being no land to be seen till entangled within the reefs, and no chart on which the dangers are correctly placed:

“We have therefore thought fit, for the above reasons, to have the Great Barrier Reef explored, and these gaps surveyed, in order that some means may be devised for so marking the most eligible of these openings that they may be recognized in due time, and passed through in comparative safety.”

After appointing the particular vessels to the service, and directing that they should be refitted, provisions recruited, and all possible information as to the Barrier Reef obtained at Sydney, the principal instructions given under these orders are the following:—

The survey of the exterior or eastern edge of that vast chain of reefs, which extend almost continuously from Break-sea Spit to the shore of New Guinea.

The thorough examination of all the channels through the barrier chain, with detailed plans of those which offer a secure passage, and the device of some practical means of marking them by beacons of wood, stone, or iron.

The ascertainment of the safest channels by which vessels coming from the eastward may pass through the intricate reefs and islands occupying the mouth of Torres Strait; and, in particular, a complete survey, including tides, soundings, and sailing directions, of the passage called Endeavor Strait: these being regarded as among the most important objects of the expedition.

Authority also is given to examine certain parts of the coast-line of New Holland, as well as the southern shore of New Guinea, and the adjacent islands; the following salutary injunction being added, which is applicable to many other cases in life as well as to the circumstances of a maritime survey:—

“But, wherever you go, we expect you to produce full and faithful surveys of the places you visit. And we especially desire you not to waste your time and means in what are called *running surveys*, in which much work is apparently executed, but no accurate knowledge obtained, useful either to the mariner or geographer. *Whatever you do is to be done effectually.*”

We must carry our readers somewhat further into the description of this Great Barrier Reef, not merely as forming the main object of the present expedition, but from its being marked as the most singular and gigantic example of its kind on the surface of the globe. Among the various phenomena of physical geography, few in truth are more extraordinary than those great coral formations, which, under different shapes and designations, meet the navigator in his passage through the tropical seas; rarely passing far beyond these limits of latitude, but, within the wide belt of ocean thus included, rising up from unknown depths, in stranger forms than imagination could devise, and alike perplexing to the naturalist from their multitudinous occurrence in some tracts of sea, and their absence in others. Here we find the circular lagoon islets, (or *atolls*, as they are now termed, by adoption of a native word,) circles of coral rock, often barely emerging from the wilderness of waters around; yet resisting the heaviest storms, and sheltering small central lakes, the placid surface of whose blue water strangely contrasts with the tumult of waves without. Elsewhere, as in various parts of the Indian, Pacific

and Atlantic oceans, we see these coral islands occurring in closer groups, with innumerable channels between, covering often a wide area of sea, and so numerous as almost to defy all reckoning and survey. England, which plants its flag on every various surface of the earth, possesses in the Bermudas one of these coral clusters, further remarkable as the most distant point from the equator at which coral rocks are known to occur. Elsewhere, again, we find these extraordinary creations of the deep forming barrier reefs to islands or portions of continent; encircling some, bordering or fringing others, through lines of enormous extent; and in certain places, as between the north-eastern coast of Australia and New Caledonia, so largely developed in the form of detached reefs as to have obtained from Flinders the name of the Coral Sea.

To almost all our readers it must be known that these vast works, as fitly they may be called, are due to the labors of certain species of zoophytes; ranking among the most minute and slightly organized forms of animal life, yet having a common instinct of existence which renders them the artificers of mineral masses and new lands amidst the ocean, fitted eventually to become the abode of man. The soft pulp of the coral animal secretes, or otherwise forms, a stony nucleus; the aggregation of which matter, by the conjoint working of myriads of these little creatures, and the accumulated and superimposed labors of different species and successive generations, produces these wonderful results:—"admiranda levium spectacula rerum," as they may well be termed, looking at the relation between the agent and the magnitude of the work accomplished.

In a later part of this article we shall have to refer again to this topic, as connected with the theory of coral formations and their relation to other great physical phenomena of the globe. Meanwhile we will merely remark that the whole course of modern science tends to disclose facts analogous to those just mentioned, and to show the influence of living organic causes in forming the material and determining the structure of many of the great masses which compose the crust of the earth, as also in producing other phenomena, apparently the most alien from such origin. Where formerly brute matter alone was seen or suspected, the eye of the microscope now shows the innumerable relics of living beings, the artificers of the mass which thus entombs them. The flint nodules of chalk rocks, the hard Tripoli slate, even certain varieties of the noble opal, are composed wholly, or in part, of the silicious cases of fossil infusoria. The sand which sometimes falls on ships far distant from the coast—the mud which lies in the estuaries of rivers—even the layers of ashes and pumice which cover the edifices of Pompeii—give the same remarkable result. We look backwards through ages of organic life on the surface of the earth; and in the very minuteness of form and species we find reason why they should have been easily aggregated into large and dense masses,

masking to common observation the vitality which once pervaded the whole. Looking forwards, we see the earth and seas still teeming with the same profusion of life in its simpler forms, and cannot but infer that these may hereafter undergo the same changes and minister to the same great results.* Science stands here, as in so many other instances, between the past and future time; casting upon the latter the light, more or less distinct, which it derives from reflection of the former.

Recurring to the subject more immediately before us, we would beg the reader to take up the map of New Holland, and to fix his eye on Sandy Cape, in S. lat. $24^{\circ} 30'$, about 600 miles north of Sydney, and the most salient point on the eastern coast of the Australian continent. From Breaksea Spit, a narrow sand-bank which runs twenty miles northwards from this cape, begins the Great Barrier Reef; the gigantic dimensions of which will be understood by carrying the eye northwards along the Australian coast to Torres Strait and the shores of New Guinea, and learning that this coral reef forms a *continuous* barrier, separating an inner and shallow coast channel from the deep sea without, and stretching throughout the whole length of the line just described. A mere inspection of degrees of latitude will show that this length exceeds 1200 miles; and the term *continuous* is justified by the fact that, except towards the southern extremity of the line, it is broken only by narrow channels or gaps. Still, in strictness, the chain must be considered as a series of individual coral banks, of greater or less extent, assuming this definite rectilinear direction parallel to the line of coast, the channel between the barrier thus formed and the mainland containing some scattered reefs;—the outer, or ocean side, dipping down precipitously to depths yet unfathomed, and leaving a clear sea to the east of from 60 to 100 miles in width; beyond which, in the direction of New Caledonia, coral islands or reefs again appear, in unknown number and variety of form, scattered over what we have already noticed under the name of the Coral Sea.

Our author, in the chapter of his volume before alluded to, well describes the general aspect and character of this vast boundary-reef:—

"The Great Barrier reefs are thus found to form a long submarine buttress, or curtain, along the N. E. coast of Australia; rising in general precipitous-

* We may mention, as it is not generally known, that Ehrenberg has actually succeeded in producing Tripoli and polishing slate from living infusoria. We may further add that he found in a peaty argillaceous deposit, twenty feet below the pavement of Berlin, masses of infusoria still living, and in some places deposits of ova reaching to much greater depth. In the public gardens at Berlin workmen were occupied many days in removing masses wholly composed of fossil infusoria. In the moors of Leinburg there occur similar accumulations twenty-eight feet in thickness. Observation probably is alone wanting to multiply indefinitely facts of similar kind; and the inferences which these, and other wonders of the fossil world, have already furnished to exact science may well justify the old sentence of Aristotle, *Διὰ γὰρ τοὺς θαυμασίους οὗ ἀνθρώπου, καὶ νῦν καὶ τὸ πρῶτον, ἡρέ- ατο φιλοσοφεῖν.*—*Metaph.*, i., cap. 2.

ly from a very great depth, but resting towards the north on the shoaler ground of Torres Strait, and towards the south on the bank stretching off from Sandy Cape. If it were to be laid dry, this great barrier would be found to have a considerable resemblance to a gigantic and irregular fortification—a steep glacis crowned with a broken parapet-wall, and carried from one rising ground to another. The tower-like bastions of projecting and detached reefs would increase this resemblance. From examination of our charts it would appear that the normal condition of this long mass of reefs is that the outer barrier should be narrow, rising precipitously from a great depth, and running more or less nearly in a straight line; and that inside this outer barrier there should be a clear space about twenty fathoms deep and several miles wide, between which space and the land should be another body of reefs.”—Vol. I., p. 332.

Thus there may be said to be two channels, or routes, as they are termed, connected with the Great Barrier Reef—the inner one having an average width of about thirty miles, though narrowed by subordinate reefs on the land side—the navigable passage varying in depth from ten to thirty fathoms for the greater part of its extent, and safe in being thoroughly sheltered from the storms of the ocean without, and affording good anchorage wherever the channel is narrow or intricate. The outer passage, on the other hand, to the east of the barrier reef, though giving a wider route for navigation, has a profound depth of sea without the possibility of anchorage; so that under no circumstances in which a vessel is placed can refuge be had, unless she is able to make her way through one of the openings in the Great Barrier, and thus to find access to the sheltered sea within. In this description will be seen the objects and value of the survey now completed; which, by ascertaining the openings of easiest access, and of width and depth best suited to navigation, and by fixing beacons to mark and distinguish them, gives great increase of safety and facility to ships traversing these seas. The probable number of these openings or transverse channels we do not find anywhere denoted. In truth, it would be difficult to enumerate them, seeing that they vary from mere fissures in the reef to passages several miles in width. The good ship-channels alone have value, and these seem to be comparatively rare.

But the objects of this survey would not have been fully attained, without a thorough examination also of that northern portion of the Great Barrier Reef which stretches well-nigh across Torres Strait, and intercepts, though in a more complex and irregular manner, the free passage from the southern Pacific to the seas of the Indian Archipelago. A moment's inspection of the map will show the singular importance of this strait to the direct intercourse between our great Australian colonies and India, China, and Europe; and the value of an accurate survey of its complicated and difficult channels, so strongly enjoined in the admiralty instructions for Captain Blackwood. It is, indeed, a strange and uncouth passage—a laby-

rinth of coral reefs, volcanic rocks, islets, and shoals—yet destined nevertheless to yield that free channel which man requires for his commerce, and which the zeal and boldness of those seeking for it are sure eventually to obtain. We shall have occasion afterwards to revert to this point in the survey.

The width of the Great Barrier Reef near the surface, as we apprehend the meaning of our author, varies from two hundred yards to a mile; but there is some indistinctness in this matter, and probably often difficulty from the grouping of reefs together in the inner side of the barrier. On the outer side, the precipitous fall into unfathomed depths seldom leaves any ambiguity. We willingly quote Mr. Jukes' description of a portion of coral reef in its ordinary aspect, as aiding the conception of our readers, though, perchance, somewhat lowering the anticipations of beauty of form and coloring derived from the name:—

“To get an idea of the nature and structure of an individual coral reef, let the reader fancy to himself a great submarine mound of rock, composed of the fragments and detritus of corals and shells, compacted together into a soft, spongy sort of stone. The greater part of the surface of this mound is quite flat, and near the level of low water. At its edges it commonly slopes gradually down to a depth of two, three, or four fathoms, and then pitches suddenly with a very rapid slope into deep water, twenty or two hundred fathoms, as the case may be. The surface of the reef, when exposed, looks like a great flat of sandstone, with a few loose slabs lying about, or here and there an accumulation of dead broken coral-branches, or a bank of dazzling white sand. It is, however, chequered with holes and hollows more or less deep, in which small living corals are growing, or has, perhaps, a large portion always covered by two or three feet of water; and here are fields of corals, either clumps of branching madreporæ, or round stools and blocks of *mæandrina* and *astræa*, both dead and living. Proceeding from this central flat towards the edge, living corals become more and more abundant; as we get towards the windward side, we encounter the surf of the breakers long before we can reach the extreme verge of the reef; and among these breakers we see immense blocks, often two or three yards, or more, in diameter, lying loose upon the reef. *

* * * If we approach the lee edge of the reef, we find it covered with living corals, commonly *mæandrina*, *astræa*, and *madrepore*, in about equal abundance, all glowing with rich colors, bristling branches, or studded with great knobs and blocks. Where the slope is gentle, the great groups of living corals and intervening spaces of white sand can be still discerned through the clear water to a depth of 40 or 50 feet, beyond which the water recovers its usual deep blue. A coral reef, therefore, is a mass of brute matter, living only at its outer surface, and chiefly on its lateral slopes.”

Having dwelt thus fully on the local circumstances of reef, channels, and sea, which formed the object and guided the direction of Captain Blackwood's survey, we need not pursue the track of his voyages in any minute detail. The actual survey was begun at the end of the year 1842, eight months after his departure from England, and his labors were continued until June, 1845—

with intervening periods of repair and repose, at different ports of Australia and the Indian Archipelago. His starting-point was Sandy Cape, which we have mentioned as the southern extremity of the Barrier Reef. For the first 200 miles, proceeding northwards, the barrier is irregular and imperfectly continuous, including the vast masses called Swain's reefs, which reach to a breadth of about 90 miles. Of this portion of the survey accurate charts have been constructed. The second section of the barrier, stretching from lat. 22° northwards for a distance of nearly 200 miles, had already been surveyed by Captain Flinders, and was therefore passed over by this expedition. It is a continuous chain of strong massive reefs, in which no gap whatever was found, until reaching lat. 18° 30', where Flinders discovered a wide opening, from which he passed from the inner channel to the outer sea. Here his examination of the coast ceased—and we have, from some cause which we do not clearly apprehend, an *hiatus* of 120 miles in the survey, the form and condition of the barrier in this interval being yet unknown. Captain Blackwood's labors began again in lat. 16° 40', and were thence extended with great minuteness to lat. 9° 20', the northern extremity of the Great Reef, a distance of nearly 500 miles. This, including the examination of the eastern part of Torres Strait, and the channels amidst its reefs, is the most valuable part of the work accomplished; and the charts, as reduced from the survey, will remain as lasting records of it, unless some of those gradual changes on the crust of the globe which geology has to record—or other more violent and sudden convulsion, such as have been frequent among the Indian islands—should disturb the coral flooring of these seas, and alter the soundings and channels that have now been explored.

In a part of this great barrier, between lat. 11° 20' and 12° 20', the line of reefs, instead of being straight, or gently curving, is sharply deflected into convolutions, forming deep bays, with detached reefs outside. In one of these bights, having an entrance 6 miles wide, and stretching 8 miles inwards, such is the depth that no bottom was reached except close to the reefs, though a line of nearly 300 fathoms was thrown out.

This extraordinary spot was called Wreck Bay, and with melancholy fitness of name, as Captain Blackwood found lying on the reef near it the wrecks of two large vessels, the *Ferguson* and *Martha Ridgway*, lost here in 1840 and 1841; the former having part of the 50th regiment on board. Happily the presence of another vessel in company prevented in this case any loss of life. Mr. Jukes gives an interesting description of these wrecks, and of a night he passed on board that of the *Martha Ridgway*, after considerable danger in reaching it. We have pleasure in quoting two or three striking passages from this portion of his narrative. The first describes the view seaward from the reef on which the wrecks lay—a mere ridge, some hundred yards wide, rising to the water's level from the profound ocean underneath:—

"The water was perfectly clear, and of almost unfathomable depth right up to the outer slope, or submarine wall of the reef. The long ocean-swell being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifted itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, fell on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker was often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. There was a simple grandeur and display of power and beauty in this scene, as viewed from the forecastle of the wreck, about 30 feet above the water, that rose even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell first fell on the outer edge of the reef, was almost deafening, yet so deep-toned as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound, or to oblige us to raise our voices in the least. Both the sound and sight were such as to impress the spectator with the consciousness of standing in the presence of an overwhelming majesty and power; while his senses were delighted by the contrast of beautiful colors in the deep blue of the ocean, the dazzling white of the surf, and the bright green of the shoal water on the reef."—Vol. i., p. 131.

A little further we find a good picture of the scene, as night was closing in upon them in this situation:—

"As I was walking on the poop of the wreck, I could not help being struck with the wildness and singular nature of the scene. A bright fire was blazing cheerfully in the galley forward, lighting up the spectral-looking foremast, with its bleached and broken rigging, and the fragments of spars lying about it. A few of our men were crouched in their flannel jackets under the weather-bulwarks, as a protection from the spray which every now and then flew over us. The wind was blowing strongly, drifting dark clouds occasionally over the star-lit sky, and howling round the wreck with a shrill tone, that made itself heard above the dull continuous roar of the surf. Just ahead of us was the broad white band of foam, which stretched away on either hand into the dark horizon. Now and then some higher wave would burst against the bows of the wreck, shaking all her timbers, sending a spout over the forecastle, and travelling along her sides, would lash the rudder backwards and forwards with a slow creaking groan, as if the old ship complained of the protracted agony she endured. She had been wrecked since we had ourselves left home and entered the southern hemisphere: and there mingled perhaps some speculations as to our chance of leaving the old *Fly* in some similar situation, with the feelings which the character of the scene sufficed to impress upon the mind."—Vol. i., p. 123.

Another passage, describing one of the coral reefs in this vicinity, will in some sort redeem the less picturesque impression of such scenery derived from a general description before quoted:—

"In a small bight of the inner edge of this reef was a sheltered nook, where the extreme slope was well exposed, and where every coral was in full life and luxuriance. Smooth round masses of *meandrina* and *astrea* were contrasted with delicate leaf-like and cup-shaped expansions of *explanaria*, and with an infinite variety of branching *madrepore* and *seriatopore*; some with mere finger-shaped projections, others with large branching stems, and

others again exhibiting an elegant assemblage of interlacing twigs, of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship. Their colors were unrivalled—vivid greens contrasted with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue; bright red, yellow, and peach colored nulliporæ clothed the masses that were dead, mingled with pearly flakes of eschara and retepora, the latter looking like lace-work in ivory. In among the branches of the corals, like birds among trees, floated beautiful fish, radiant with metallic greens or crimsons, or fantastically banded with black and yellow stripes. Patches of clear white sand were seen here and there for the floor, with dark hollows and recesses beneath overhanging ledges. All these, seen through the clear crystal water, the ripple of which gave motion and a quick play of light and shadow to the whole, formed a scene of the rarest beauty, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, either in elegance of form or brilliancy and harmony of coloring."—Vol. i., p. 117.

Happily for a spot which has acquired a melancholy notoriety by these and other wrecks, the discovery was made within a very short distance of an excellent channel traversing this outer line of reefs; and the erection of a lofty beacon on Raine's Islet, at the edge of this passage, may be cited as one of the main objects fulfilled by the expedition. The work was begun in June, 1844, and completed in less than four months. Twenty convict masons and quarrymen were brought from Sydney; a quarry was opened in the coral rock; lime was got by burning sea-shells; wood for burning was brought from islands near the mainland; water procured from other islands, 25 miles distant; timber for the building was obtained from the wreck of the Martha Ridgway. Having no anchorage nearer, the Fly had to lie 12 miles off within the reefs of the barrier, the smaller vessels and boats running to and fro with the various provisions and materials needful for the workmen. Under all these difficulties a strong circular stone tower was erected, 40 feet high, and 30 feet in diameter at its base, raised 30 feet higher by a framework of wood, at the top covered with painted canvass. Mr. Jukes describes the little islet which gave foundation to the work—a spot not two miles in circumference, and scarcely 20 feet above high water mark—and pictures it well in a plate; but he barely notices the erection of the beacon, and ill supplies this deficiency by a short sketch in the appendix. Seeing the singularity of the situation, and the peculiarity of the work, we cannot but believe that it might have furnished some striking or amusing incidents to a narrative which is mainly deficient in these points. The truth is, that the time was one of monotonous inaction to those not directly engaged in the erection, and that they looked upon it with weariness and distaste.

Accordingly we find our author, with another naturalist and the artist who accompanied the expedition, starting in the Bramble, when the beacon was half completed, for Cape York—the vast promontory which abuts on Torres Strait, forming the N. E. point of the Australian continent. At

this and subsequent periods of the voyage surveys were made of this Strait and the channels traversing its isles and reefs, the singular number and complexity of which we have before noticed, rendering this one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most important passages on the globe. The examination of Endeavor Strait, that channel which winds immediately round Cape York, was made with all the exactness enjoined by the Admiralty, and justified by its peculiar importance. The line of steam navigation now loudly invoked for these seas, in connection with those great lines which already unite India, China, and Europe, cannot long be delayed, seeing the extent, rapid growth, and high commercial activity of the colonies which call for such communication. The channel of Endeavor Strait will in all likelihood be that taken, when such scheme is carried into effect; and every sounding, or observation of wind, tide, or current, now made, must bear upon the security and welfare of this future navigation.

These circumstances, and a regard to the remarkable position of Cape York—commanding, as it may fairly be said, this great highway between the Pacific and Indian oceans—lead our author to discuss a question, which has for some time been before both home and colonial authorities, viz., the relative value of Cape York and Port Essington, as a post and settlement for aid to the navigation of these seas. The latter place, 600 miles to the west of Cape York, and on the other side of the great Gulf of Carpentaria, has been for several years occupied by an officer and small body of marines, but without any attempt at colonization; and with little encouragement to that, either from fertility of the soil, healthiness of the spot, or the character of the natives in its vicinity. Repeated visits to both places have given Mr. Jukes a very decided preference for Cape York; and in his reasons for this preference we fully concur. Its position is a main point in its favor. It is in the vicinity of danger and affords a place of easy refuge. In war it would command security to a passage where a single enemy's ship might inflict incalculable mischief. Its distance from Sydney, 1700 miles, would make it an admirable depot for coal in the steam navigation towards India. Though without a harbor, this is little needed, where the reefs themselves, which create the danger of the strait, protect the sea from all heavy swells and render anchorage secure. At Evans' Bay, which is suggested as a site for the settlement, there are dry rocky places for building, pools of fresh water, and a considerable surface of fertile land; frequent rains, fresh breezes, and a healthy vegetation. All these advantages, according to our author, are absent at Port Essington, and though possessing a fine harbor, the value of this is annulled by situation and difficulty of access. Putting the matter on a personal footing, Mr. Jukes declares that if condemned to either, he would rather live at Cape York for five years than at Port Essington for two—an odd numerical formula of preference, but sufficiently intelligible.

The right manner of solving the question we believe to be, that Cape York should be adopted as a new settlement, and Port Essington not given up. Mistress of Gibraltar, Aden, and Singapore, and cognizant of the value of such positions for commerce and power, England can hardly choose but plant her flag on a promontory which commands the passage between two oceans. But the whole shores of the continent, of which it is one extremity, are becoming hers by discovery and colonization; and Port Essington is a point on the line of coast, and having relations to the Indian Archipelago, which justify its being retained, even though offering little present benefit or promise. The active spirit which at this time pervades the world, working with new means and appliances of every kind, will vivify in the end what is barren now; and no expenditure or labor can be better bestowed than in aiding by anticipation the progress which commerce and colonization are making on these distant shores.

While upon this subject, we must indulge ourselves with a short parenthesis as to that extraordinary line of steam communication between England and her eastern possessions, (somewhat oddly called the *Overland* journey,) of which Australia and New Zealand will hereafter form the extreme branches. The creation of the last twelve years, this communication has already acquired a sort of maturity of speed and exactness, notwithstanding the enormous distances traversed, and the changes necessary in transit from sea to sea. The Anglo-Indian mail, in its two sections, and including passengers and correspondence, possesses a sort of individuality as the greatest and most singular line of intercourse on the globe. Two of the first nations of Europe, France and Austria, struggle for the privilege of carrying this mail across their territories. Traversing the length of the Mediterranean, it is received on the waters of the Ancient Nile—Cairo and the Pyramids are passed in its onward course—the Desert is traversed with a speed which mocks the old cavalcades of camels and loitering Arabs—it is reëmbarked on the Red Sea near a spot sacred in scriptural history—the promontory projecting from the heights of Mount Sinai, the shores of Mecca and Medina, are passed in its rapid course down this great gulf—it emerges through the Straits of Babelmandel into the Indian seas—to be distributed thence by different lines to all the great centres of Indian government and commerce, as well as to our more remote dependencies in the Straits of Malacca and the Chinese seas. There is a certain majesty in the simple outline of a route like this, traversing the most ancient seats of empire, and what we are taught to regard as among the earliest abodes of man—and now ministering to the connection of England with that great sovereignty she has conquered, or created, in the East; more wonderful, with one exception, than any of the empires of antiquity; and perchance also more important to the general destinies of mankind.

With respect to the still unexecuted part of this

great scheme of communication, embracing the Australian colonies, we may remark that steam-vessels, after passing Cape York, will probably in most cases proceed southward by the inner channel, within the Great Barrier Reef. Though affording smooth water, however, this passage will not be without its difficulties and delays. The first three nights after leaving Cape York must probably be passed at anchor; and even in the daytime a slow rate of progress will often be required, to avoid the numerous detached coral reefs; especially when the sun is near the meridian, and the glare on the water such as to confuse the view of the intricate passages between. Experience and multiplied beacons will lessen these difficulties, but cannot wholly remove them.

Though a subordinate object of the expedition, yet, under the authority of his instructions, Captain Blackwood surveyed also a line of the Australian mainland, beginning at latitude 22°, and proceeding 110 miles northwards. Previous reports had afforded the presumption of superior soil and larger native population in this region; and such was found to be the case. A belt of undulating land, running backwards from the coast to a parallel chain of hills, presents a surface covered with abundant and fine grass, and large timber. Inlets on the coast are numerous, and boat navigation is aided by tides rising from twenty to thirty feet. If colonization be extended to the north of the actual settlements of New South Wales, this would appear the best locality for it; and Mr. Jakes, after twice circumnavigating Australia, affirms that he has seen no part of this continent, near the sea, of equal fertility, or combining so many natural advantages. But penal settlements can hardly be attempted beyond the latitude of Sandy Cape; such are the facilities for escape afforded by the coral reefs and islands which stretch multitudinously along this coast.

The deficiency of navigable rivers in Australia, one of the many strange peculiarities of that country, gives great value to every discovery of this kind. Though no new river was found on the part of the coast now described, a further examination was made of one previously discovered by Captain Wickham, of the *Beagle*, and bearing his name. Our author, with a party, after a difficult passage through the mangrove bushes and breakers at its mouth, ascended seven or eight miles of its course; the boats being then compelled to return from increasing shallowness of water. As this stream must have its source in the mountain-chain which forms a sort of backbone to Australia, running parallel and near to the eastern coast, little can be expected from it in facilitating ingress to the interior, except as regards the supply of fresh water—an advantage, it must be admitted, of no small import in a country so destitute of this great necessary of life.

During the examination of this line of coast, there was frequent communication with native tribes, which Mr. Jukes relates in some detail. Though certain peculiarities of usage are noticed,

we find nothing in these relations which would much interest our readers, or which differs materially from the description so familiar to us in the narratives of former travellers of their intercourse with this people. They appear, as seen here, to be a tall and athletic race, active and bold in their demeanor and habits, with an occasional fierceness of temper, of which a melancholy proof occurred in the death of one of the seamen of the *Bramble*, struck by a native spear. Our author, who was one of the landing party when this happened, gives no statement of any provocation or quarrel leading to it. The spear, projected by aid of the *womerah*, or "throwing-stick," which gives it wonderful increase of force, penetrated four and a half inches into the back, shattering the spine and ribs, and passing nearly through the left lobe of the lungs. It was with difficulty drawn out, leaving the point, made of bone, in the body. The poor fellow—an excellent sailor, and beloved by his messmates—lingered to the third day in suffering, and then died.

In describing the feelings excited by this event among the others of the party—making them reluctant to leave the coast without some opportunity of revenging their comrade's death—Mr. Jukes explains the source of many of these unhappy atrocities, which even yet occasionally deface our intercourse with the native Australians, despite the higher and better views which now govern our principles and habits of colonization. On the outskirts of the settlements, such occurrences have been, and always will be, more frequent—from obvious causes in the character and habits both of the white and native border population;—and we are led to fear that the spread of colonization in the N. E. portion of Australia, certain eventually to occur, may involve yet more of such calamities, seeing the bold and masculine character of many of the native tribes on this part of the coast. Time will in the end put a stop to all these things; but it can only happen through that extinction of the native population, which, by a strange and sad destiny—the *ineluctable fatum* of what we call savage life—seems always to occur sooner or later, where Europeans have trodden upon new lands.

In the latter part of Mr. Jukes' first volume, we find narrated the proceedings of the expedition on Murray's Islands, at the eastern entrance of Torres Strait, and on the southern coast of New Guinea; which coast, with its widely-spread banks of shoal soundings, was surveyed for a length of a hundred and forty miles—a small section of the shores of this vast island, but important as the northern boundary of the strait, and further interesting, as some slight index to a country less known perhaps than any other of equal size in the habitable world. Notwithstanding its great extent, equal to that of Great Britain and France conjointly—its remarkable position in the Eastern Archipelago—its proximity to islands long visited or colonized, and to channels of great and increasing commerce—the outline of Papua, or New Guinea,

still remains to be completed in our maps; and we have no certain assurance whether it be a single island or several. Of its interior we are wholly ignorant—discovery having never advanced more than a few miles from the coast; and this more as the casualty of adventure than on any deliberate plan of survey. Yet enough has been seen or learnt through indirect channels to indicate a country of luxuriant vegetation, profuse in its forms of animal life, abounding in water, large rivers, and mountain chains, a striking contrast in all physical conditions to the adjacent continent of Australia; and in these circumstances, under such a latitude, giving promise of a rich exuberance of harvest to the naturalist who may hereafter find access to the Fauna and Flora of this unknown land, the native seat of the bird of paradise.

A small fortified post, established by the Dutch twenty years ago, at Ooroo, on its western coast, is the sole spot yet occupied by Europeans—a feeble attestation of the claim which Holland extends to New Guinea, in common with so many other islands of the Indian Archipelago.* The jealous and ferocious character of the natives is usually cited as the reason why neither through this, nor other direct channel, has European commerce reached these shores. But in truth our ignorance is the same of the people as of the country. Our voyagers see occasionally the Papuas, or Oriental negroes, of the coast; and hear more vaguely of the other race, the *Alfoërs* or *Haraforas*, inhabiting the interior. We can hardly consider New Guinea as inaccessible to future commerce, when seeing the hardy and extensive traffic which the Chinese and people of the Molucca Islands carry on with this country; bringing away in their junks the edible bird-nests, tortoise-shell, pearls, masay bark, birds of paradise, nutmegs and trepang; and carrying thither cotton goods, cloth, iron tools, &c. All this sounds well to the mercantile ear; and time will achieve what has hitherto, from ignorance, accident, or jealousy, been unaccomplished.

Of this portion of the New Guinea coast, surveyed by Captain Blackwood, the character is more peculiar than interesting, except under the supposition of its indicating some great river, of which this is the delta. We quote Mr. Jukes' description:—

"From the large opening or river mouth, in S. lat. $8^{\circ} 45'$, E. long. $143^{\circ} 35'$, to the furthest point examined in the boats in lat. $7^{\circ} 40'$ and long. $144^{\circ} 30'$, and for an unknown distance beyond, the coast had everywhere the same features. It was low, flat, muddy, covered with jungle and impenetrable forests, and intersected by a complete network of fresh-water canals—of all sizes and depths, from a mere muddy ditch to a width of five miles and a depth of twenty to thirty feet. This coast was fronted by immense mud-banks, stretching

* We owe to Dutch writers, Kolff and Modena, the most recent accounts of this western portion of the New Guinea coast. Forrest, Delano, Lesson, &c., are further authorities as to this singular country and people, but all scanty in the information they are able to afford.

from ten to twenty miles out to sea, having at low water a general depth of about twelve feet, with a few deeper places, and some sand-banks much shoaler or quite dry. These mud-flats gradually deepened towards their outer edge to three and four fathoms, and then more rapidly to six, ten, and twenty fathoms. Now this is precisely the formation of the delta of a great river; and the only difficulty in the present case is the supposing a river, large enough to produce such a delta, to exist on an island like New Guinea."—Vol. i., p. 289.

This objection to an opinion otherwise highly probable, may be lessened, if not obviated, by the following considerations. First, assuming such river to have its sources in the mountainous region which we know to exist in the north-western part of New Guinea, it might, taking a direction to the south-east, find space enough, in a country 1200 miles in length, to become an ample and powerful stream. Further, it would appear that the climate is one of heavy periodical rains, and probably of much general moisture from the dense forests and jungles. And yet further, as there seems to be little current in these channels near the coast, it is probable that the delta formed here may be disproportionably large to the body of water coming down from the interior. We need not dwell upon these points, as they are sure to be speedily solved. Captain Blackwood's boats ascended one of the channels nearly thirty miles; and Mr. Jukes reasonably conjectures that, with the aid of a small steamer, it might be possible from this side to make a deep inroad into the island.

The communication with the native Papuans of the coast, several of whose villages were hastily visited, was difficult, and not without collision, and in one case fatal result. We are bound to state that Mr. Jukes does not give a clear explanation of these circumstances; and we look upon them with more suspicion, from finding the admission of sundry acts of aggression; one of which—the abstraction of two pigs and some native implements—is allowed by our author to be an act of theft, though, by a convenient oblivion, not thought of as such till the pigs were eaten. The whole matter is treated too jocosely for our taste; nor are we reconciled to it by the name of Pigville, given to the place, and figuring in the chart annexed to this volume. The name is not unfitting the deed, and somewhat too much, moreover, in the style of transatlantic nomenclature. We shall be glad, on every account, to see its erasure from future maps.

The channel of Torres Strait, remarkable in so many ways, is not least so in the sudden line of demarcation it draws between two kinds of vegetation, two groups of lower animals, and two varieties of the human race. Those strange anomalies which designate all that belongs to Australian landscape and life, extend even to the isles bordering this continent within the strait. In the isles and land of New Guinea, scarcely fifty miles distant, a miraculous change comes over the scene, both as respects vegetable and animal life;

extending even to the shells and echinodermata which lie upon the shores. We quote a passage, well describing the different aspect of the vegetable world on the opposite shores:—

"The dull and sombre vegetation of Australia spreads all over Cape York and the adjacent islands. Wide forests of large but ragged-stemmed gum-trees, with their almost leafless and quite shadeless branches, constitute the characteristic of this vegetation. Here and there are gullies, with jungles of more umbrageous foliage, and some palms; but the mass of the woods are arid, hot, and dusty, and the leaves not only small but dry and brittle. On the islands of the northern sides of Torres Strait, not a gum-tree is to be seen; the woods are close, lofty, and afford the deepest and most refreshing shade; often matted into impenetrable thickets by creepers and undergrowth; but adorned with various foliage—the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the bamboo, and other plants not only beautiful but useful to man. On the New Guinea coast the vegetation is of the rankest and most luxuriant kind, even for the tropics. One vast dark jungle spreads over its shores, abounding in immense forest-trees, whose trunks are hidden by groves of sago-palms, and myriads of other heat and moisture-loving plants."—Vol. i., p. 298.

We cannot quit the subject of New Guinea without adverting, which we do with great interest, to the expedition of discovery and survey, under the command of Captain Stanley, now on its voyage to these shores. The character which that officer has acquired for professional ability and energy, scientific attainments, and experience gained in all parts of the world, well justified the Board of Admiralty in selecting him for this service; and give entire assurance that all will be done which these qualities can effect, aided as they are by excellent appointments in every subordinate part of the expedition.*

A considerable part of Mr. Jukes' second volume is occupied by the narrative of an excursion into the eastern portion of Java; with sketches, sufficiently lively, both of the scenery of this magnificent island, and of the habits of the population, as well colonial as native. Our author pictures landscape better than he indicates localities, and his narrative would gain in interest and perspicuity by a little more of introduction to the ground over which the reader has to travel with him. Still there is a good deal that is valuable in this part of the work; and particularly in a chapter on the colonial government and general condition of Java. The latter corroborates in all main points what we have before learnt of this curiously despotic and jealous administration, which watches and controls Europeans by a police as rigid as that directed to the natives; which refuses to admit consuls to its ports; inflicts a system of passports, rendering change of place as difficult as in Russia; and con-

* We may mention that Mr. Macgillivray, a naturalist sent out by Lord Derby, and who accompanied Captain Blackwood in the voyages we are reviewing, has again gone out in the *Rattlesnake* with Captain Stanley as naturalist to the expedition—a very valuable accession to it.

concentrates its energy in preserving a sullen and secluded repose, and raising a large surplus revenue for transmission to the mother country. The recollection of that wiser and more generous system of government, which Sir Stamford Raffles so admirably administered while Java was in our possession, gives us an interest in the subject which it might not otherwise possess, except as matter of curious speculation on that relation of republican institutions at home to despotism in colonies, of which history furnishes so many examples. But we do not pursue it further, as there may be some future occasion afforded us of reverting to the general condition and prospects of this vast group of islands, forming the Eastern Archipelago.

In the appendix to the volumes before us are eight or ten papers, recording a part of the scientific results of the voyage, which we may shortly notice. The zoological specimens collected, 4000 or 5000 in number, were chiefly placed at the disposal of the British Museum, and several of the papers are connected with this subject. One, by Professor Owen, on the bones of a Dugong found by Mr. Jukes near Cape York, (*Halicore Australis*), indicates, with the usual felicity and exactness of this naturalist, the distinctness of the species from the two before known; the principal specific character of the Australian dugong being the development of 24 instead of 20 molar teeth.—Another paper, by Mr. Gray, describes a new genus of Sea Snakes, discovered by Mr. Jukes on Darnley Island in Torres Strait, and interesting as forming a link between the common *Hydridæ*, and the singular abnormal genus called *Aipysurus*. This is one of the instances, now become so frequent, in which the extension and increasing exactness of research have filled up gaps before left in the continuity of genera and species. It is a case where the acquisition of a new fact is far less important than the confirmation and enlargement of a great natural principle.—A third paper, by Mr. A. White, describes a new genus, and five new species of crustacea, being further results of this voyage.—A fourth, by Mr. Gray, delineates several new species of star-fishes; reserving others, also the fruits of this expedition, for a monograph on the asteriadae, which this distinguished naturalist is about to publish. A fifth paper, likewise by Mr. Gray, on certain new species of marine shells, found on the Australian coast, completes the series of these memoirs on natural history in the Appendix.

The geological observations of Mr. Jukes are embodied in the narrative, and will be hereafter given to the Geological Society. The most interesting are those which relate to the shores and islands of Torres Strait. These islands are evidently points in the submerged prolongation of that great mountain-chain which, rising from the Southern Ocean in Van Diemen's Land, sinks again under the sea in Bass' Strait, with the exception of a few island points left above the waters—then emerges in lofty masses at the southern extremity of New Holland—stretches

along the whole eastern side of this continent, a range of more than 1600 miles—at Cape York again sinks underneath the sea of Torres Strait, reappearing at Mount Cornwallis on the New Guinea coast, beyond which it is lost to our present knowledge. In a former article, (Q. R. No. CLII.) we had occasion to notice the geological characters of this great chain, the axis of which is composed of primitive rocks, chiefly unstratified, flanked by Palæozoic strata incumbent on them, and mixed with rocks of eruptive character; and, succeeding to these in order of time, certain detached coal formations, and superficial beds, representing the tertiary formation of Europe. We infer, from Mr. Jukes' detached observations on the coast, that the same general character extends to the northern extremity of the chain. Cape York and the adjacent isles are porphyritic, and the islands which traverse the strait in the same line appear to be all composed of granite, sienite, or old metamorphic rocks. A circumstance well worthy of remark is, that to the eastward of this line none of these primitive rocks appear, but low coral isles or coral reefs occupy solely a belt of sea, sixty miles wide, across the mouth of the strait; to the east of which again all the islands are volcanic, and chiefly composed of lavas. The distinct division by these three belts adds another to the many singularities of this channel.

Before closing our review of these volumes, we must notice two other papers in the Appendix: the first, a copious comparative Vocabulary of the languages of some of the islands in Torres Strait—the second, a short Memoir, by Dr. R. Latham, on the general affinities of the languages of the Oceanic blacks; inclusive in its inferences of the facts derived from this vocabulary. The main result derived from Dr. Latham, from a large and careful collation of the most recent data, as to these languages, is that of the *fundamental unity* of the great groups of the Malayan, Papua, and Australian, in opposition to the opinion of their separate character and origin, and of the isolation of the Australian languages in particular. We doubt not his being right in his view, that in this question, as in many analogous cases, grammatical differences are valued too highly—glossarial affinities too low; the relative value of the two tests not being constant, but varying for different languages. This, however, is a topic too copious, and too curious also, to be dealt with as a mere offset from other subjects.

In the foregoing part of this article we have drawn somewhat largely upon our readers' attention—perchance also a little on their patience—by the various facts connected with the coral ridges and reefs forming the vast and prolonged line of barrier on the Australian coast. We recur for a short while to the subject; not, however, in relation to particular localities, but to the general history and theory of these coral formations, as one of the great physical phenomena of the earth's surface: impressive, not merely from the enormous magnitude of these animal creations of the ocean, but

also from the index and evidence they afford of past and progressive changes in the level of the solid crust of the globe. We have already referred to a former article in this Review, on the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, in which we noticed the remarkable researches on these coral formations contained in Mr. Darwin's journal of the latter voyage. This gentleman has since published a separate volume, "*On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*," which we have taken as one of the heads of the present article; wishing to complete the view of the subject, and seeing that to Mr. Darwin we owe not only the most extensive and exact observations upon it, but also certain general conclusions which are now in progress of adoption by men of science in every country. From this volume, which possesses the charm of a simple and perspicuous style, conjoined with great reasoning powers, we shall briefly extract some of these conclusions, as well as the more important facts from which they are deduced.

We have already noticed generally the three classes of atoll, barrier, and fringing reefs, including all the most characteristic varieties of coral formation on the globe. These varieties, however, owing to local or other conditions, are so multiplied in detail, that it would be almost as difficult to give a clear description of them, as to explain the circumstances in which they respectively originate. Without attempting to follow Mr. Darwin in his more ample survey, we may state that, as instances of the lagoon islands, or atolls, he selects Keeling Island, in the Indian Ocean, the vast group of the Maldives, and the extraordinary submerged atoll called the Great Chagos Bank. The first is a single but characteristic specimen of its class. The Maldivé Islands form an archipelago of coral atolls, 470 miles in length and about 50 miles in breadth; the atolls ranged in a double line, and some of them of great size—as that of Suadiva, 44 miles by 34, with an included expanse of water nearly 300 feet deep, and not fewer than 42 channels through which a ship may enter this central lagoon. The Chagos Bank, in the centre of the Indian Ocean, rising abruptly from unfathomable depths to a level near the surface, its longest axis of 90 miles, its breadth from 50 to 70, is well described by Captain Morseby as "a half-drowned atoll;" a view confirmed as well by soundings as by the many similar reefs and atolls rising to the surface around it. To this officer we owe admirable surveys both of the Maldivé and Chagos groups, which have done much to illustrate the subject.

Of the "Barrier Reef" the most conspicuous instances selected are that great one, fronting the eastern coast of Australia, with which our readers are now acquainted, and a similar but shorter one on the western coast of New Caledonia. The term, however, has been fitly extended by Mr. Darwin to those reefs encircling smaller islands, which are so numerous in the Pacific, and familiar to us in the narratives of voyages in this ocean—coral walls, in fact, with a deep moat within, gird-

ing round islands of every various dimension and height—some little raised above the sea—others, like Tahiti, having an elevation of many thousand feet.

"Fringing or shore reefs," whether encircling islands or portions of continents, differ from those just described in being less massive, in having no interior deep-water channel, and in sloping downwards into the sea upon the natural declivity of the shores. The reefs of the Mauritius furnish a well-marked insular example of them. The coasts of Brazil and Arabia afford instances, among many that might be quoted, of such coral fringes to continental lands.

Mr. Darwin has done much to simplify the view of the several coral formations just noted, by showing that they graduate into one another, and that the atolls, barriers, and encircling reefs are but modifications, deviating much in the extreme cases, of a common principle and manner of operation. A perfect series, in fact, can be traced from the simple linear or normal state of the reef, to the long linear lagoon, and thence to the oval or circular form of the encircling reef or the atoll. Again, if from the barrier reefs encircling small islands we abstract the land within, (a legitimate speculation, as will hereafter be seen,) we bring them to an almost complete identity with the simple atoll or lagoon island, in form, dimensions, and grouping. The value of such generalizations as these to a just theory on the subject will be well understood, even without a full comprehension of the details on which they are founded.

The fourth chapter of Mr. Darwin's volume relates to the distribution of coral formations, and their rate and manner of growth: including such knowledge as we possess regarding the species and habits of the polypifers, or coral animals, which have produced them. On the subject of these wonderful zoophytes, the details given are not perhaps as distinct as might have been desired for general information. It is Mr. Darwin's main object, in reference to his theory, to determine the rate as to time, and the depth below the surface of the sea, at which the workings of living coral can go on; and we do not find any consecutive description of the aspect, species, and habitudes of these active tenants of the deep. It must be admitted, indeed, that our knowledge on these points is very deficient. Exact observations are not easy where the animal works either below the surface of the water, or amidst the heaviest surf and breakers on the edge of the reef. Here, where all besides perishes, the zone of coralline life exists in its greatest activity; but hardly more accessible to observation than are the dead corals brought up by dredging—in such variety of species as to leave it uncertain which are the true artificers of the reef, and which contribute to it solely by being agglutinated, with broken coral, sand, shells, and other materials, into the common mass. Ehrenberg has described more than a hundred species of coral which he found in the reefs of the Red Sea. Some observers have

believed that the genus *astraea* is that most efficient in the formation of coral rocks; but the madre-pore, millepore, porites, meandrina, caryophyllia, and various other genera, contribute largely to these vast and mysterious works—in what proportion, and under what laws or instincts of combination, we shall probably never be able fully to comprehend.

Other problems equally difficult embarrass this subject—and notably in the first place the question, why coral reefs should be so vast and numerous in certain tracts of ocean, while others are wholly destitute of them? The limitation to tropical latitudes is intelligible; but why, with the exception of the Bermudas, there should not be a single coral isle or reef in the great expanse of the Atlantic, it is hard to explain. Had the Bermudas themselves been absent, a certain general conjecture might have been hazarded, which their actual position and coralline structure render inadmissible. Volcanic action, ancient or recent, affords no explanation of this partial distribution; nor do any ascertained differences in the depth or bottom of the sea, or in the mineral contents of different seas, come in aid of the solution. A supposition is still open, vague perhaps in its application to the present case, yet supported by many analogies drawn from other parts of the animal world. The corals, in their pulpy portion, afford food to several species of fish, and to the whole tribe of holothuræ; while they themselves, simple and minute though they be, must feed on some other kinds of organic life. There may be in certain seas a predominance of the animals destroying them, or a deficiency in those affording them nutriment; and in either of these conceivable cases we bring the question among those curious instances (now almost forming an especial branch of natural history) where we find the station, range, multiplication, or extinction of species, to be determined, not merely by inanimate agents around, but by the presence or absence, abundance or scarcity, of other species in the same regions and at the same periods of time. We might say much as to this interesting and prolific course of inquiry, did it come within our present subject.

The manner and rate of growth of corals offer other curious questions to the naturalist. The evidence as to the latter point is various, and on first view somewhat contradictory. With some well-attested examples of rapid growth—the filling up of channels and lagoons, and enlargement of islands within human record—we have other instances where the same surface and elevation of living coral appears to have existed for ages unchanged. Ehrenberg found in the Red Sea vast globular masses of meandrina, which, he says, are of such antiquity that “Pharaoh himself may have beheld them;” and he gives evidence to show that various coral formations of this sea have undergone little or no change within the last two centuries. Captain Beechey furnishes similar proofs from different parts of the Pacific; and, leaning upon these and other instances, some naturalists

have been led to view the growth of corals as the slow work of ages rather than of years, and to doubt the possibility of islands having been thus formed in the midst of the ocean.

These difficulties may, we think, be lessened, if not obviated, by a regard to the various conditions under which coral masses are formed; by the difference of the coral animals themselves in species, size, and habitudes of existence; by the succession of several species in the same mass; by the important fact (ascertained as far as negative proofs will carry us) that new coral does not form on the surface of that which is still living; by the various foundations on which the corals build their superstructure; and by the changes of level, sudden or slow, occurring in these foundations. We incline, therefore, to Mr. Darwin's belief that the formation of coral is still actively proceeding in numerous places over the globe, and find no reason to doubt that the atolls and reefs rising precipitously from the deep ocean around, whatever of increment they may receive in their growth from other sources, are mainly, as we see them, the creation of successive generations and species of these zoophytes. In the whole range of physical causes we find, in truth, none but this strange and instinctive workmanship—this antagonism and superiority of organic vital forces to the inanimate powers of nature—which can explain such phenomena as those of the Maldivé group; or the simple fact of the small circular coral islet rising up to the surface of the Pacific from unfathomed depths around it; or other singularities of these formations which we have no room to detail, but which are fully described by Mr. Darwin.

These considerations bring us nearer to the actual theory of coral rocks, but with the intervention still of another question—of great moment, as we shall see, to any general conclusions—viz., the depth of the sea at which the reef-building corals can live and work? This, it will be obvious, is a question distinct from that of the gross thickness or depth of coralline masses, and somewhat easier of solution, yet not without its appropriate difficulties. From a large collation of facts Mr. Darwin is led to conclude that, in ordinary cases, the corals which build reefs do not flourish at greater depths than from 20 to 30 fathoms, and that the greatest activity of their existence is on the surface or outer edges of reefs. Other observers have limited their range of operations still more closely to the surface; but take what estimate we may, it seems certain that no increment can take place to coral growth below a comparatively small depth—none whatsoever above the surface washed by the spray of the sea. Whence, then, the vast masses and lofty coral pinnacles which the sounding-line follows downwards to the depth of several hundred fathoms, with evidences of the same structure and origin, and leaving it uncertain whether they may not descend deeper still? If these zoophytes work only thus near to the surface, how are we to explain the origin and actual position of all that lies beneath this level? This is the problem most in-

teresting in the theory of coral formations, and the solution of which, whatever it be, associates them most closely with the great geological phenomena of the globe. In the article before alluded to we have given an outline of the question and of Mr. Darwin's views upon it. In the short space now remaining to us we shall put before our readers a summary of the discussion as it at present stands, with such few remarks as we think more especially conclusive on the argument.

The hypotheses by which alone we can seek to solve the problem just stated are few in number. Either the corals constructing the lower parts of the reefs must be wholly distinct in species and habits from those which work near the surface;—or the reefs, atolls, and islets we see must be mere superficial coverings or cappings of points and ridges of land underneath; or there must have occurred such subsidence downwards of the land encircled by or supporting coral formations, as to leave the coral summits solely on the surface of the waters—with means of increment, where the subsidence further continues, by the super-imposition of fresh layers, under the conditions of depth favorable to the living actions producing them. We are unable to find any other suppositions than these which will apply to the solution of the problem before us.

The first of them is negatived in great part by the improbability that there should be species of corals differing so widely as to one of the most important conditions and necessities of their existence; and further, by the negative fact that no examination of the dead coral taken up from great depths has disclosed such varieties.

The second hypothesis is of a more plausible kind, and was at one time adopted by Mr. Lyell, in common with many other naturalists; but subsequently relinquished by this eminent observer in favor of the last of the opinions just stated. It was, in truth, a natural and easy conception that the coral formations incrusting the upper surface might follow and depict the outline of the submarine bottom, and the peaks and ridges rising from it. And this argument became more specious when considering the coral islets, with their circular and often deep lagoons within, as representing the cones and craters of ancient submarine volcanoes, their crests overgrown by the work of these zoophytes, which retained the form while altering the material of the surface exposed. On the other hand, the great superficial extent of some of the atolls and of their contained lagoons, remove from them all character of volcanic cones; and their close and peculiar arrangement in groups, like that of the Maldives, still more contradicted the resemblance. The difficulty of explaining why such numerous detached summits should rise so closely to the same level near the surface, formed another obvious objection to the theory; and a more cogent one arose when it was discovered that the reef-building corals worked only to a limited depth, and could not, below this

level, have formed the coralline covering to the submarine peaks which the theory supposed.

Under the failure of these hypotheses, and pressed by other considerations, Mr. Darwin adopted what we have adverted to as the third solution of the question; viz., that the areas, greater or smaller, on which the coral reefs rest as a foundation—the flooring, in fact, of the seas—must have undergone progressive subsidence, such as utterly to withdraw islands or large tracts of land below the surface of the ocean, leaving the coral reefs which encircled or fringed their shores still on the water's level, and therefore under circumstances fitted to sustain their growth and position, even where the sinking of the foundation beneath them further continued. We must admit this hypothesis to be a bold and startling one, and such it appeared in the outset even to the most hardy of our geologists; yet it has rapidly gained ground, not merely as the only one fulfilling the conditions required, but further because it well illustrates the different modifications and peculiarities of the coral reefs, and accords at the same time with certain remarkable discoveries which have distinguished the progress of modern geology. Mr. Darwin's application of his views in detail is characterized by great ability; but we can afford room only for a summary of the few leading points.

Taking the theory first in its application to the *atoll*, or simple coral islet with its interior lagoon—instead of making this lagoon to represent a preëxisting cavity of the same form, as in the volcanic hypothesis, Mr. Darwin considers that it designates the place once occupied by a point of land more or less elevated, which has subsided downwards into the sea, leaving the coral reef circling round the centre, growing over its surface, and rising upwards by new constructions, where the subsidence has still continued. Let a mountain peak, like Tahiti, girt round with a coral reef, sink downwards, from subsidence of the submarine area, or other cause, and we should have the conditions just described taking place; and representing, by the various aspects of these islands, the stages of change from a lofty mountain to a few low points of land in the lagoon, and then to the simple coral islet, barely rising out of the sea. Let the subsidence elsewhere be sudden, instead of gradual—and we should find submerged atolls, like the Chagos Bank; the power of replacement upwards being lost by the depth to which the surface has sunk below the sea.

Next, as to the linear reefs, such as the great barrier fronting the N. E. Australian continent. We have already alluded to the intimate relation of these to the reefs encircling islands; and we shall find the conditions of the theory applying to both in the same manner, and with equal probability. Suppose a prolonged line of reef to be built up on the shelf of the coast, as it declines into the sea, leaving a narrow channel of water between. If the continental land gradually sinks,

the line of coast will recede inwards, leaving a wider channel between it and the reef—the latter retaining its position, and being continually replaced upwards by fresh coral, as the lower portions of the mass subside. Sectional sketches would better illustrate these points; but, even without such aid, we think there will be no difficulty in conceiving them; or in further applying the same views to the other peculiarities of these formations—the precipitous descent to vast depths of the outer side of the reef—the isles within the channel, seen as residual points of the old continent—the fringing reefs—the openings into the channels or lagoons, &c.

We have spoken of this as a bold hypothesis; and it will not appear less so when we look at the magnitudes, both of space and time, which are involved in such interpretation of the facts. The extent it is needful to assign to some of the areas of subsidence may well alarm an imagination not accustomed to deal with these subjects. Spaces of many hundred thousand square miles exist in the ocean, occupied by coral isles of such description as to admit of no other valid explanation than the sinking of the bottom of the sea over this extent. The length of the Australian barrier reef, 1200 miles, proves that at least an equivalent line of coast has been subsiding since its formation began. The same inference extends to the great island of New Caledonia, in relation to the reef half encircling it. Mr. Darwin has delineated these several areas, as far as at present known, in a map prefixed to his work; adding to its value by designating also the areas of upheaval in the same oceans; and the sites of active volcanoes, which, it may be, interpret some of the actions concerned in these phenomena. For both these great events, of subsidence and upheaval of the solid crust of the globe, are familiar to the speculations of modern geology, and variously attested in different parts of the globe by facts which, though recent in discovery, are unequivocal in the inferences they afford. The magnitude of these movements and changes may seem inconsistent with our ephemeral experience; but here, as in so many other cases, we are compelled to adopt new measures of time and space, when dealing with the physical conditions of the globe before man became a tenant of its surface.

If there be areas of upheaval as well as of subsidence in these coral seas, we may expect to find coral islands raised in places above the level at which these zoophytes effect their works. Accordingly, we have instances furnished by Captain Beechey, Mr. Jukes, and others, of coral masses some hundred feet above the sea; with the same assurance of their having been raised from below, that we possess in the case of any tertiary stratum containing sea-shells. In connection with this topic, however, we must notice one objection to Mr. Darwin's views, which may seem to have some force, viz., that if masses of coral of such enormous thickness exist under the sea, we might fully expect to discover them in some situation

or other among the great strata of the globe; knowing, as we do, how large a portion of these have been submarine in origin, and raised afterwards into their present position. Admitting the weight of the objection, that no such coral masses are found on our continents, we may qualify it by remarking, first, that we are not assured as to the relative period in the records of creation when the reef-building corals began their work in the seas; secondly, that it is not impossible that some of the great oolitic, cretaceous, or other calcareous formations may actually represent coral deposits—formed as these are by the agglutination of various materials, and exposed for ages to physical conditions of which we can scarcely appreciate all the effect; and thirdly, that the geological character of the lands in the coral oceans is still very imperfectly known, and we may yet discover such masses at greater elevation than any yet found, and exhibiting perchance gradations yet unsuspected into the character of the older calcareous rocks.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

WHAT mean the miles of gleaming wire
Stretched out afar o'er hill and plain,
As if to string some massive lyre
To ring out earth's redeeming strain?

It is a lyre, whose every string
Shall vibrate to the praise of man;
Such tribute to his genius bring
As ne'er was paid since time began.

It is the master-piece of earth—
The climax of all human might—
When man, forgetful of his birth,
Infringes on *JEHOVAH'S* right.

It is the path where lightnings fly,
Obedient to man's lordly will,
Who forced them from their native sky,
And chained them down on every hill.

Once they were messengers of God,
And flashed through Heaven's remotest span,
But now they've left their high abode,
To herald out the ways of man.

No more we'll trust the carrier dove,
Or iron steed, or lagging gale,
But call the lightnings from above,
To spread the news and tell the tale.

They far outspeed the rolling earth,
And put the ear of time aback—
Before the future has its birth
'Tis past upon the spirit track.

That track—the great highway of thought—
Where distant nations converse hold;
Ere word is said or deed is wrought,
'Tis whispered round and round the world.

From east to west—from pole to pole—
Wherever man has pressed the sod—
The every thought of every soul
Is omnipresent like as God.

It binds the nations all in one,
And thrills its pulse throughout the union,
Till every kingdom, tribe and tongue,
Shall live and act in full communion.

Tribune.

FARM IN THE WEST.

ONLY night before last a pale, care-worn young man sat down upon one of the benches in Lafayette Square. His clothes were by no means new—his beaver had "gone to seed," and his shoes, like those of Julian St. Pierre, were "minus half their soles." As the breeze swept through the trees in the square, a shudder ran through the heart of the lonely man. He saw the yellow leaves drop from their boughs, and after being twirled and twirled around and around by the tiny currents of air, would at last be whirled away, Heaven only knows whither. He thought these leaves were like his hopes, and that he was like the tree that parted with them. In the green spring-time of life his heart had put forth its blossoms and its branches, and many a bird of love trilled its sweet song amidst the dark green foliage of his mind. But now all seemed gone, and thought by thought, and memory by memory, seemed dropping from the bough of life. He heard the autumn wind sighing through his bosom, and clasping his hands over his eyes he shut out the gleams of the pale stars, and wept to himself. He thought of his youth, the golden visions that his mind had woven then, and how, like the diamond frost-work that is melted by the sun, they had all melted into "thin air." He thought of the struggles that he had gone through—the perils that he had passed—how from morn till morn he had labored, not for himself, but for others, and, more than all, how his proud heart had been obliged to bow to the

"Spurns that patient merit
From the unworthy takes."

It was a deep and bitter thought that then ran through his heart, but he pressed his hand upon his breast and said—"It is well." Gathering his scanty garments about him, he wended his way to his home, and after a long and weary walk, at last reached his humble place of abode. His wife ran out to meet him, and his children clasped him, one around the knees, while the other flung her little thin white arms around his neck. He thought of the morrow—he had not a dollar to give them, and though his heart was dropping tears of blood, still his lips wore a smile, and he cheered his family with words of hope and love. Kissing his children, he bade them good night, and slept and dreamed those cold grey dreams allotted to the children of poverty. The next morning, after he had eaten his humble breakfast, he came down town, to earn the pittance of those who are doomed to labor. His heart hung in his bosom like a load of lead, and he bit his lips in order to suppress his agony. His rent was due, and every farthing that he had on earth was gone. He thought of his pale-faced wife and little children, and imagined that he saw them shivering in the cold air, houseless and defenceless. His face was bent towards the ground, and walking along with a heart brim full of agony, he suddenly saw a little piece of paper that looked like a bank note, lying on the pavement. He grasped it like a miser—but alas! it was only a ticket in the Havana lottery! He took it down town, however, and in a cabaret in the Third Municipality, asked what No. 33,661 had drawn.

"Have you that number?" asked the bar keeper, with surprise.

"Yes—here it is," was the answer.

"That ticket, sir, has drawn \$8000, and you have only to go to the firm of ———, to get your money."

Who could tell the thoughts that rushed like rainbow meteors through the poor man's bosom! He was as wealthy as he wished to be, and could fling back with scorn the taunts into the teeth of those who had oppressed him. He hastened to his home, and the very ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. His wife's face grew livid at his approach, but when he told her of his fortune, she burst into tears. She could not speak for joy, but throwing herself down on her knees, she clasped her thin white hands and thanked her God for his blessings. She did not speak a word, but the mute heart's prayer rose upwards, as full of silence and of fragrance as the incense from the holy censer! The husband could not even smile, but for once in his sad life his eye was lighted up with the brilliant gleams of hope and joy.

In a day the happy family were on their way to a home in the West. The husband clasped the waist of his wife, as they sat on the hurricane deck, and as the distance grew greater, saw the outlines of the buildings of New Orleans fade into the clouds, and the spires of her churches look like the masts of ships seen afar off. He thought of those who had died of the yellow fever—of those to whom he had been a friend, and who had treated his friendship with unthankfulness—and ah! how merrily rung the supper bell on board the boat—and how savory was the smell of the food upon the table. The wife, whose cheeks were no longer pale, and the husband, whose heart was no longer sad, went down and enjoyed their repast. And so it was from day to day for a week, until at last they reached their place of destination. An old Englishman, who longed to return to his native land, sold out to the lucky finder of the lottery ticket, his farm, consisting of nearly four hundred acres of the richest land, together with stock, farming utensils and everything else pertaining to the place.

It was only a day or two before the young couple were safely installed in their new residence, and they were happy, perfectly happy. On the balcony of his little house, on the first night of their arrival, the husband sat smoking his pipe, and gazing on the beautiful scene that was spread before his view. The tall green trees around his dwelling seemed to bow to him and acknowledge him as their master. He heard the lowing of his kine in the cattle yard, and saw the broad fields that were teeming with the richest produce of the West. They were all his now! He saw the brook that, like a vein of silver, ran in the pale moonlight as softly as a dream. He thought how, on the morrow, he would take his gun and shoot some of the game that he heard chirping almost up to the very door-sill of his house. He went to bed with a heart as light as a feather, and dreamed pleasant dreams. The next morning, just as the sun was tinging with gold the summits of the hills, and the birds were singing their early songs to the light of day—he awoke—yes, to find himself still in Lafayette Square!

He had been sleeping all the while, and the lottery ticket was but a portion of his dream. His hat, which had fallen off his head, was nearly full of dead autumn leaves. Amongst the yellow leaves there was a piece of paper. It was the fragment of a kite that had been caught in the trees and blown to pieces. On this piece of paper was written, in a bold round hand, "*Patience and Perseverance will accomplish every—*" and here the sentence broke off. It was evidently a leaf torn from the copy-book of a schoolboy; but the dreamer gave it a long, wistful look, and resolved to be a man in future.—N. O. Delta.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE RUSE DE GUERRE.

THE sun had just expended his last ray upon the ensanguined plain of Ortiz; the dreadful conflict which had raged with unceasing fury the whole day between the armies of Spain and Colombia had now terminated in the total defeat of the latter, which, under cover of the approaching night, was flying in every direction to escape the exterminating sword of its relentless pursuers; even Paez, the redoubtable Paez, who had never till then been known to turn his back upon a Spaniard, "tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight." Vain had been the courage of the patriot band; fruitless the exertions of its brave commander;—the shouts of the victors, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, and the feeble moans of the dying, the wild ravings of thirst, cries for succor, and even prayers for death, were alike unheeded by victor or vanquished, both too intent on the object of pursuit, and escape, to attend to the lamentations of their fallen comrades—when, from a heap of mutilated corpses which strewed a considerable portion of the well-contested field, forth crawled upon his hands and knees a young officer; the object which attracted him was a canteen invitingly suspended round the neck of a dead Spaniard. His eyes glancing with hope, he advanced as quickly as his weakness would allow him, to seize the envied treasure, nor was he disappointed; it contained some excellent brandy; having swallowed a small quantity, he found himself greatly revived.

He seated himself at a little distance from the place where he had lain, (not forgetting to secure the spoil he had taken,) and began seriously to reflect on the situation to which the fortune of war had reduced him. He first, however, examined his body and limbs, in search of the wound which had so inopportunistically placed him *hors de combat*, but finding no visible mark of any, he concluded (what was really the case) that he owed the soreness which he felt in the head, and his late swoon, to some contusion which he had received in the fray. He perfectly recollected having been opposed to a charge of the queen's hussars, in which he had been laid prostrate, and as this was quite sufficient to account for all the bruises he had sustained, he did not trouble himself with any further conjectures, but, as I have before said, began to ponder upon his present position, and how he might best avoid the consequences which he foresaw were but too likely to accrue from it. It must be observed, that the war which then existed between Spain and her revolted colonies was one of extermination, neither party giving quarter, and if by any chance prisoners were taken, they were immediately and deliberately butchered. This fact, well known to my hero, did not tend greatly to facilitate the task which he had allotted to himself. Captain O'Shaugnessy was, however, an Irishman, and as his countrymen are not easily abashed, or too ready to yield

to despondency, he quickly plucked up his spirits, determined to use his best exertions to save (what he had the utmost respect for) his neck; but at the same time to bear his fate, whatever it might be, with the fortitude of a man. He soon, therefore, decided upon the plan he was to adopt. He had, in early youth, been apprenticed in Dublin, to a surgeon and apothecary; but whether arising from a natural aversion to the pestle and mortar, or (as some censorious people ventured to insinuate) a too ardent regard for his master's daughter, young Patrick O'Shaugnessy, (then a strapping lad of eighteen,) one morning early, took an unceremonious leave of the Irish metropolis, and returned to his father's in the County of Down, where he continued to vegetate until the South American Revolution raised the cry of freedom, which resounded on the shores of Hibernia, and roused the enthusiastic spirit of her gallant sons, many of whom (Patrick included) hastened to join the Venezuelan standard. This had been his first essay in arms, and (unless kind fortune interposed) was likely to prove his last. As he reclined upon his grassy couch, now damp with the falling dew, and environed by the melancholy trophies of a disastrous combat, he might be pardoned if his thoughts wandered with regret to the snug comforts of old Bolus' laboratory, subject, though it were, to the task of compounding nauseous drugs, or to a renewal of his former studies in animal mechanism.

Our hero had not much time, however, to devote to useless regrets; more important matters, connected with the preservation of his very existence, claimed his undivided attention. Some advantages, however, he had derived from his apprenticeship, which in his present dilemma might prove of incalculable utility—he had acquired a slight practical knowledge of phlebotomy, had once or twice attended his master in a surgical operation, knew the best styptics in use to stop hemorrhage, and "with these appliances and means to boot," he resolved to dub himself a surgeon *pro tempore*; at least to pass as such with the enemy, trusting that his quality of non-combatant would rescue him from the fate which would indubitably follow the avowal of his real rank. Escape was impracticable even had his limbs been supple enough to admit of the exertion—he was totally ignorant of the position of the retreating army, and his flight would have been certainly intercepted by one or other of the parties of light cavalry which everywhere scoured the country. His best policy then (and he adopted it) was to remain where he was until the Spaniards should send, which he doubted not would speedily be the case, to collect their wounded. In the mean time his reveries were unbroken, save by the occasional cries of the mutilated wretches who surrounded him, several of whom were struggling in vain to defend their eyes from the attacks of the zamora, a large species of carrion crow, about the size of a turkey-buzzard, innumerable flocks of which covered the field, and preyed upon the offal. At

length a cry of agony roused his attention, and directing his look towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he observed a human being stretched upon his back, striving fruitlessly with his feet to drive away a number of these carnivorous birds, that were evidently bent upon his destruction. Patrick's first impulse was humanity; nor did the sight of a foe, as he hastened to his assistance, check the current of his benevolence. He quickly dispersed the feathered throng, and having administered a drop of his cordial to the parched sufferer, began coolly to practise the duties of his assumed profession, by an examination of his patient's wounds. Both arms were severely injured. Patrick, however, soon bound them up, (a shirt from a neighboring corpse supplying him with the requisite bandages,) the Spaniard regarding him all the while with mingled looks of surprise and admiration.

At last the exclamation of "Santa Maria Purissima!" burst from his lips; and he almost overwhelmed our hero with a torrent of thanks, who modestly waived the subject of his own praise, by inquiring if he had any hope of being removed before morning.

"Ay, by St. Jaques," cried he, "Diego Ramirez would never have been so long seeking his old friend, and comrade, Serjeant Juan Fernandez, of the queen's regiment of hussars, had he not been detained in pursuit of those confounded (rebels, he would have said; but his eye glancing towards Patrick's uniform, gratitude changed the offensive appellation, and he added) independents; but come, my lad," continued he, "cheer up; a Spaniard may possess a grateful heart, and though my arm is unable to defend thee, the word of Juan Fernandez, which has some weight with his comrades, may do thee equal service; but stay, give us another sup of thy cordial. Holy Virgin! my eyes deceive me, or surely this canteen belonged to Serjeant Rodrigues of the queen's."

Patrick explained how it came into his possession.

"Ah! then he has fallen at last, poor Rodrigues! the merriest fellow in the corps, a touch of the Frenchman in his composition, and a true lover of Nantz."

Here his enumeration of Rodrigues' virtues was interrupted by a loud shout from a distant part of the field, and the glare of torches was plainly perceptible. Juan, declaring it must be Diego, requested Patrick to answer the call, which having done, a few minutes brought the party in view, our hero, notwithstanding the assurances of his new companion, feeling rather uneasy as the crisis of his fate approached. They appeared, however, to take not the slightest notice of him, their whole care and attention being engrossed by the wounded serjeant; but when they had heard a relation of his sufferings, and learnt the obligation he had incurred to a patriot officer, not even the rebel garb he wore could save Patrick from being nearly smothered by the embraces of the delighted and grateful troopers. Whilst the litter

was preparing, the glass of friendship circulated. At this moment an officer rode up, and catching a glimpse of the proscribed dress, appeared surprised at this unusual display of confraternity. He was soon, however, *au fait*, and turning to our hero, complimented him upon his gallantry.

"You appear, sir," said he, "to have been born under a lucky planet; if you are really a surgeon, your services are at this instant required by one who will justly appreciate them."

Patrick, who did not anticipate having his skill so immediately put to the test, felt extremely awkward. He might be called upon to perform an operation, in which his ignorance would be manifest; he had, however, "staked his life upon the cast, and must abide the hazard of the die." Bowing therefore to the officer, he expressed his readiness to make himself useful in any shape.

A stray horse was soon caught, upon which he was assisted to mount, and having bade adieu to Juan Fernandez, and his party, (who invoked every saint in the calendar for his protection,) he accompanied the stranger, who, attended by two dragoons whom he had not before seen, struck into a bye-path which led across the plain. After riding about three miles, they arrived on the verge of a wood, near which stood a bettermost sort of farm-house; several horses were piquetted outside, while the number of officers and orderlies, who were constantly passing to and fro, evidently showed it to be the quarters of a personage of high rank. This discovery did not lessen the apprehensions of poor Patrick. They alighted at the door of the house, when the officer, who had not spoken a word during their short journey, advanced, and throwing his own cloak over the shoulders of our hero, (doubtless, with the friendly view of screening him from the observance of the royalist party,) whispered him to be of good heart, and to wait his return in the latticed corridor, which, as customary in the country, extended the entire length of the building. Patrick, nodding assent, seated himself upon a wooden bench which he found unoccupied; several hammocks were suspended, in which their owners, fully accoutred, were swinging, smoking their cigars and enjoying *el fresco*, some of whom were conversing with each other on the events of the day. One officer, apparently of middle age, whose hammock was the nearest to where Patrick sat, was engaged in earnest conversation with a young man habited in a hussar uniform, who stood near him, some sentences of which, though they spoke in a low key, were audible to our hero.

"A confounded hard day's work we have had of it," said the eldest, "the rebels fought like lions; the fortune of the battle fluctuated more than once."

"Aye," replied the youngest, "if I am rightly informed, we may thank the egotistical vanity* of

* Egotistical vanity. A few days previous to the battle of Ortiz, Bolivar had been surprised, beaten, and nearly taken prisoner at Villa del Cura. Smarting under the disgrace of his defeat, he took up a position a little

the rebel leader for our success," who, it seems, wishing to appropriate the laurel of victory exclusively to himself, commenced the action without waiting for the support of his cavalry. Paez did not arrive till late in the affair, and then only accompanied by a few of his guard, who, being better mounted than the rest, were enabled to keep pace with him. "By St. Jago, he contrived, notwithstanding, to make a terrible diversion in favor of his party; had his whole force come up, the result might not have been so favorable to our royal arms."

"True," answered the eldest, "few as his companions were, they made sad havoc with the regiment of Catalonia; he personally fought with the savage ferocity of a wild beast, and when he found his cause hopeless, he was borne from the field foaming with rage and vexation. But the honor of the victory mainly appertains to the gallantry of the corps to which you belong; the queen's hussars, young man, have this day covered themselves with immortal glory!"

"As an individual of the regiment," said the youth, "I sensibly feel the flattering eulogium you have paid us, but we must not forget that all our brave fellows deserve their meed of praise; yet tell me, Don Sanches, how is it (here his voice became lower) that we do not follow up the advantages we have gained—why rest we here supine, when, by an immediate pursuit, we might annihilate the retreating army ere it reached San Fernando, which is evidently its rallying point?"

"Tush!" said Don Sanches, "I will let you into a secret. Our captain-general now lies in this house severely wounded; our stupid surgeons have been these two hours endeavoring in vain to stanch the blood which flows from it, and unless his tutelary saint interferes in his behalf, he stands a fair chance of exchanging his newly-acquired countship, and the laurels of to-day, for a blessed immortality!"

Our hero was prevented from hearing their further discourse by the arrival of the officer, who made a sign to him to follow; he had heard sufficient, however, to satisfy him that the person to whom he was on the point of being introduced was no other than Morillo, Count of Carthagena, and captain-general of the Spanish armies in South America, a knowledge by no means calculated to augment his self-confidence; he had, however, no time allowed him for reflection; his conductor led him through an anteroom, at the extremity of which was a low door; this, on knocking, was opened by an elderly female, and gave them ad-

in advance of Ortiz, his right being defended by a deep and rocky ravine, subsequently ascertained by Colonel English to be impassable for cavalry. Here he might have kept the enemy in check until the arrival of Paez and Sedenio, who, with four thousand horse, were advancing to his assistance; but his extreme jealousy of all competitorship led him into error; he descended into the plain, and encountered the defeat he merited. His subsequent rage was indescribable when he learnt that the enemy (whose cavalry alone he had been taught to estimate at fifteen hundred) did not amount, *in toto*, to more than two thousand men!

mittance to a small room, one side of which was occupied by a camp bed, where lay extended a man of apparently forty years of age, of middle stature: his countenance, though stern, was not ferocious, yet there was something in it that checked familiarity, and inspired the beholder with a feeling of respect bordering upon awe; it presented a fair type of the sea in a calm, and like that fickle element, the slightest breeze of passion that agitated its surface would suffice to create a whirlpool capable of swallowing all within its vortex! On the back of a chair near the couch was thrown loosely a richly-embroidered coat, profusely decorated with the insignia of various orders; two officers, seemingly of rank, were seated at a little distance, anxiously regarding a third person who was kneeling, and applying to the wounded limb cloths which were absolutely saturated with blood. The old woman resumed her station at the fire, where it was evident she had been preparing some cordials. On our hero's entrance, the general raised his eyes, and fixed them steadily upon his face for a few moments, when, (as if satisfied with the scrutiny,) his features relaxing from the expression of *hauteur* which they had first displayed, he said in a weak though clear voice, and in good English, "They tell me, young man, that your humanity has been already exercised in behalf of a fallen enemy; I also require the aid of your healing art; are you a member of the London or Edinburgh school?"

"The little knowledge which I possess, your excellency," answered Patrick, (and he blushed as he uttered the equivocation,) "has been obtained in Dublin."

"You are then a native of Ireland," said the general, and he added, "I presume a Catholic?"

Our hero bowed an affirmative to both questions.

"T is well, sir; I resign myself to your skill. Señor Gomez," said his excellency, in Spanish, addressing the man who still continued kneeling, "you will prepare yourself to follow implicitly the directions of the Irish surgeon, and (pursued he with a sneer) you may chance to acquire a lesson in practice, which your boasted Caraccanian college, it seems, taught only in theory!"

The abashed Creole rose from his humble posture, and as he relinquished his place, darted a look full of malignity at Patrick, who, having divested himself of his jacket, proceeded (not without symptoms of trepidation) to take a survey of the wounded limb. His fears were, however, in some degree alleviated on discovering that the hurt was not of so serious a nature as he had first surmised; a musket ball had traversed the fleshy part of the thigh, and the wound owed much of its irritation to unnecessary probing, to allay which, and stop the hemorrhage, appeared to be the principal objects. These our hero accomplished, to the manifest satisfaction of his patient, in a very short period, and having administered a sleeping draught, composed by himself, desired that the general might be left to repose. All in

stantly prepared to leave the room, with the exception of the nurse, and the crest-fallen Creole, who evidently wished to linger behind; but Colonel Arias, (the officer who had accompanied Patrick, and by whom the scowl of the indignant practitioner had not passed unheeded,) fearing lest his envious feelings might induce him to counteract the good effects of his rival's remedy, commanded him in an imperative tone to retire; an order which he obeyed with visible dissatisfaction. Our hero was now conducted into the adjoining apartment, where refreshment was provided, and a hammock slung for his accommodation, an indulgence which he gladly availed himself of, the fatigues of the day and his aching bones rendering a night's rest "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Early on the following morning Patrick was roused from his sleep by Colonel Arias himself, who, having inquired in a friendly manner after his health, begged his acceptance of a plain blue frock coat, "which," said he, "will not appear too conspicuous, and may spare you some unpleasant remarks that some of our officers may consider themselves authorized to make. It is not intended to place you under any particular restraint; you will give me your parole of honor to attempt no escape; indeed, the effort would be fruitless, and would only subject you to a penalty which even those disposed to serve you would be unable to avert; take my advice, then, and be patient. The general's rest has been undisturbed during the night, the greater part of which I remained in his room; he feels much refreshed this morning, and hopes, in a few days, with your aid, to be so far convalescent as to proceed to Caraccas, when it is more than probable that the first moment of his recovery will prove the last of your captivity. We will now, if you please, visit the count, whose wound must require dressing, and recollect," added the colonel, smiling, "that if you have already gained two friends, you have a fair chance of securing a third, whose interest is of far greater value and importance." Our hero readily gave his parole, and having thanked the colonel for his friendly advice, which he declared it was his intention implicitly to follow, they entered the general's chamber.

Patrick found the inflammation considerably abated, and his excellency, upon the whole, much better; having renewed the dressing, he retired to the anteroom, where he was shortly afterwards joined by Colonel Arias, who introduced him to several officers of the count's personal staff, who had by this time assembled for breakfast, and by whom he was received with politeness. In the course of the day, Patrick was informed by his new friend that Gomez, the Creole surgeon, had been ordered to attend the general hospital, "so that," says he, "you will now have the whole merit of your patient's cure; besides," added the colonel, "I pride myself upon being something of a physiognomist, and that fellow's countenance displayed such en-

vious and malignant propensities, that I gladly took advantage of the first excuse that presented itself to expedite his departure from head quarters." Several days now passed, each succeeding one witnessing a sensible improvement in the count's wound, when, one morning early, a courier arrived with despatches, which having been perused by his excellency, a council of officers was assembled, who remained in consultation about an hour. When the sitting terminated, our hero was summoned to attend the commander-in-chief; his feelings had been evidently irritated, and he addressed Patrick on his entrance with some degree of petulance.

"My immediate presence is required at Caraccas; am I capable of undertaking the journey?"

"By availing yourself of a horse-litter," answered Patrick, "your excellency may do so without incurring any risk."

"Tis well! you will hold yourself in readiness to accompany me in an hour; Colonel Arias will see that you are provided with whatever may be requisite for our accommodation."

Patrick bowed respectfully, and withdrew to seek the colonel, whom he found busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements; these were soon completed, and, ere noon, the cavalcade was slowly pursuing its route to Caraccas.

From Colonel Arias, who rode near the general's litter, our hero had an opportunity of obtaining some political information which accounted for the retrograde movement they were then making. He learnt the arrival of the remnant of the patriot army at San Fernando, on the banks of the Apuré; that Bolivar had departed for Angostura, for the purpose of raising fresh levies, and personally to superintend the disembarkation of an English auxiliary corps which was hourly expected at that place. "This intelligence, (pursued the colonel,) together with the setting in of the rainy season, has induced Morillo to retire upon Caraccas, at which place he will have leisure to attend to the recovery of his health, and make the requisite arrangements for the ensuing campaign, which he is determined to prosecute with increasing rigor."

Patrick could not avoid evincing by his countenance the satisfaction which he felt at the expected arrival of a British force, which his companion observing, remarked, "that however natural such feelings might be, yet he would venture to predict his present exultation somewhat premature; the sons of Albion (added he) are too easily seduced by the empty sound of freedom, which, like the deceptive cries of the crocodile of the Nile, often lure the credulous victim to destruction. In this case, your countrymen (English and Irish being blended in one nation) have taken the shadow for the substance. One third will find their tombs in the country they seek to liberate, and the remnant (should the struggle eventually prove in favor of revolt) behold their persons contemned, and their services repaid with ingratitude by the very peo-

ple whom, in a moment of blind enthusiasm, they risked their lives to support."*

In this manner they continued to converse till the shades of evening began to gather round them: a thick wood now presented itself to their view, which they shortly afterwards entered, and having pursued a narrow winding track for the space of half an hour, they came to one of those breaks so frequently met with in the country; it was a green savanna, forming about an acre in extent, completely surrounded by lofty trees, through which an opening was scarcely perceptible. Here they found another of those small farm-houses, which they soon ascertained was to afford them shelter for the night. It contained but two rooms; of these the inner one was speedily arranged for the general's accommodation, into which, after partaking of some refreshment, he withdrew. Whilst the attendants were occupied in slinging the hammocks, our hero approached the outer door, when, allured by the beauty of the evening, he was induced to cross the threshold, and almost unconsciously strolled to the further extremity of the savanna. Here he found the stump of a tree which had apparently been but lately felled; he seated himself thereon, and insensibly fell into a train of reflection; time passed unheeded, and it is uncertain how long he might have continued in this mental revery had he not been suddenly roused by a rustling sound; springing to his feet, he gazed attentively round him, but could perceive nothing to indicate whence the noise proceeded, and had begun to attribute it to the effect of imagination, when something grazed his shoulder; this, on examination, proved to be a lazo which had evidently been thrown with the intention of catching him in its noose; his precipitate movement had alone saved him, for it was cast with such accurate precision as to encircle the trunk upon which he had the moment previous been seated.† An involuntary trembling seized his frame, from which the voice of Colonel Arias partially relieved him. The colonel, surprised at his long absence, had come to seek him, and, on learning what had happened, warmly congratulated him on his escape. All search after the miscreants at that hour being deemed useless, they returned together to the house. The suspicions of both Patrick and his friend tended to inculcate Gomez in the late diabolical attempt, but as they had no confirmatory proof they resolved to conceal their thoughts for the present, and content themselves with adopting precautionary measures to prevent a similar occurrence. The cavalcade, after an unusually protracted journey, at length reached Caraccas; here,

through the kindness of Colonel Arias, our hero was provided with comfortable quarters, in which he had not been long settled when he received a visit from Juan Fernandez. The grateful serjeant welcomed his arrival, and insisted upon superintending his domestic comforts. He had perfectly recovered the use of his right arm, and pointing to his left, which he wore in a sling, said, "You see, sir, that I am still on the list of non-effectives; therefore you may avail yourself of my proffered services without the fear of encroaching on my military duties."

Patrick would not hurt the feelings of the honest Spaniard by refusing his request, and in a few minutes the voice of the latter was heard all over the house authoritatively demanding everything requisite for the accommodation of his adopted master. Several weeks elapsed, during which period our hero had, in company with his friend, the colonel, amused himself by frequent excursions to the neighboring port of La Guayra. The beautiful valley in which the capital of Venezuela is situated presented also objects of attraction worthy his contemplation: the luxuriant vegetation and varied scenery of the environs gratified the eye of the pedestrian, and formed an agreeable contrast with the heavy Moorish style of architecture which pervaded the city, the by-streets of which, in many parts overgrown with grass and weeds, and partially blocked up with stones and rubbish, with here and there a crazy tenement "nodding to its fall," evidenced the devastating effects of the last terrible earthquake, together with the moral supineness of its squalid and diminished population. Morillo's wound was now perfectly healed, but in the daily preparations he was making to meet the exigencies of the ensuing campaign, he appeared to have totally forgotten Patrick, and the hopes of liberty which had been held out to him. Colonel Arias had been absent a week on a private mission, and his return was uncertain. Our hero, who was heartily tired of a life of inaction, became uneasy and dejected, nor could the persevering solicitude, or inexhaustible *gaieté de cœur* of the faithful serjeant, suffice at all times to relieve his depression. In this frame of mind he would frequently, towards the close of evening, wander in the vicinity of the cathedral. This edifice, almost the only one devoted to religious purposes that had withstood the earthquake, seemed in its gloomy grandeur to accord with his soul's melancholy; the solemn chant of the vesper hymn, as in undulating sound it floated through the vaulted aisles, often tempted him to enter the venerable pile; here screened (as he thought) from observation by the friendly shelter of a marble pillar, against which he leant, he would suffer his ideas to roam beyond this sublunary world, and for a brief space forget the sad reality of his captive state. It was whilst indulging in one of these reveries that he was suddenly roused by the approach of footsteps; a figure muffled in a large cloak advanced, and thrusting a slip of paper into his hand, hastily retreated, and was quickly lost in the crowd which was at this moment

* How prophetic were the words of the Spaniard! At the termination of the conflict, the few surviving British did indeed meet ingratitude, and that, too, of the blackest dye!

† The lazo is a long rope, (if I may so term it,) cut from the green hide of a bullock, with a running noose at one extremity, used to ensnare the wild cattle. It is thrown by the natives of South America with such unerring precision, that it rarely misses its object. During the heat of the revolution it occasionally served to entrap human victims!

making its egress from the church. Patrick, surprised at the incident, and anxious to ascertain the purport of the mysterious scroll, bent his steps towards a small altar dedicated to the Virgin, as if with a view of offering a parting orison, and by the lamp, which still burnt before it, read as follows: "Do the chains of the Spaniard sit so easy on the free-born limbs of a son of Albion, that he has ceased to lament his bondage? If not, and that he wishes to break the fetters which bind him, a glorious opportunity now offers, should he have the courage to meet the writer of this under the porch of the cathedral to-morrow at the hour of midnight. Burn this."

Having perused the paper, and carefully (as he supposed) deposited it in his vest, Patrick hastened to his quarters, where he learnt with satisfaction that the serjeant had retired to rest. Seated in the privacy of his own apartment, he prepared to re-examine the missive, with the intention likewise of committing it to the flames; how great then was his consternation when he discovered that he had lost it. The doors of the cathedral were closed for the night; besides, he might have dropt it in the street; should it have fallen into the hands of any person appertaining to the garrison, its import would evidently form a clue to himself: his situation was a critical one; he had, however, no other remedy than patience. Resolving, therefore, to make an effort to recover his loss early on the ensuing morning, he threw himself upon his couch, but sleep for many hours refused to visit his eyelids, and daylight found him wearied in body and agitated in mind. He rose notwithstanding with the first dawn, and arrived at the church a few minutes prior to the commencement of the matin prayer; he traversed the middle aisle with a rapid step, speedily reached his destination, and without stopping to make the usual genuflection, proceeded to search the mosaic pavement which formed the basis of the altar-piece, in quest of the lost paper, but without success.

Bitterly execrating his own carelessness, he returned home in a state of mind bordering on despair. Juan Fernandez had prepared the breakfast, but testified no surprise at his master's early absence; our hero remarked, however, that during the day the serjeant was more than usually attentive, almost officiously so. As the thief, who sees an officer in every bush, Patrick trembled at every sound; the slightest noise, to his perturbed imagination, seemed as the precursor of his arrest, and he hailed with pleasure the close of a day which to him appeared the longest he had ever experienced. The evening did not pass off quite so heavily. The serjeant exerted himself successfully to dissipate his master's melancholy. About ten o'clock Patrick got rid of the kind assiduities of his humble friend, by pleading an inclination for repose. When he found himself alone, he began seriously to consider his situation. The stranger's note proffered him the means of enfranchisement; if these means proved such as in honor he could avail himself of, the duty which he owed the cause

he had embraced, imperatively demanded his acceptance of them: he decided, therefore, upon keeping the appointment, and to suffer the result of his interview with the secret emissary to direct his ulterior line of conduct. Communing with himself upon the uncertain issue of his meditated adventure, the two intervening hours almost imperceptibly expired; the index of his watch, which he had placed upon the table before him, now indicated the last quarter. Patrick sprang from his seat, wrapped his cloak round him, and having extinguished the light, silently descended to the street. A few minutes sufficed to bring him to the designated porch, beneath which the dark and indistinct outline of a stationary form evidenced the stranger's punctuality, who, after a brief greeting, said, "This place is ill-adapted to the nature of our conference; follow me, and I will conduct you to one where we shall be at least safe from casual interruption."

Our hero assenting, his conductor led him (studiously avoiding the principal streets) by a circuitous route, through several narrow and filthy outlets to the western extremity of the town. Patrick had just time to remark that he was in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of what had formerly been an extensive barrack, and beneath which he recollected having heard that a whole battalion had perished, when his companion stopped. "We are now," said he, "near the spot I spoke of, but as you are not yet one of the initiated, it is for a short period requisite that you submit to have your eyes bandaged." To this proposition our hero did not think proper to object; his pride would not let him recede, since he had gone so far. Having, therefore, yielded compliance, his conductor caught him by the hand, and guided his steps, but not without difficulty, through the intricacies of their now rugged path. The distance was, however, apparently short; in about a quarter of an hour the stranger again halted: he then, with something that emitted a sound like that of a small hammer against a marble surface, struck three distinct blows. A pause of two minutes ensued, to which a harsh grating sound succeeded. A hollow, almost sepulchral, voice demanded, "Qui viva!" Patrick's guide instantly answered, "Bolivar." "Viva la Republica!" ejaculated the first speaker. They now descended half a dozen stone steps, when our hero discovered that he had entered a subterraneous passage; the sides were moist with damp; it was not of any great extent, as a few minutes brought them into a freer circulation of air—here he learnt from his conductor that his journey terminated. On removing the bandage, Patrick perceived that he was in a spacious vault, partially illuminated by an iron lamp suspended from the roof by a chain of the same material. Immediately under it was a large stone table, round which, on wooden benches of rude manufacture, were seated six individuals enveloped in dark-colored cloaks; each had his face concealed by a black vizor. One, who seemed to act as secretary to the secret junta, had several papers

strewn before him, and with a pen in his hand, prepared to take notes of the examination to which our hero was evidently about to be subjected. The guide who had conducted Patrick, pointing to a stool, intimated that he might be seated, and having whispered a few words to the person who appeared to be the chief, took his place (likewise masked) at the table. This latter personage now commenced his interrogatory, by demanding of our hero his name, place of nativity, and rank, who instantly replied to the two first questions, and was about to answer the third, when his interlocutor said, "Spare yourself, young man, the pain of equivocating: we know that you are a captain in the service of the republic, as also the motives which induced you to assume the character of a surgeon; the stratagem was allowable, although its adoption unfortunately rendered abortive a plan, that would have essentially benefitted the cause which you have sworn to defend. It is, however, in your power to retrieve the opportunity you were the innocent instrument of defeating."

"Put me to the test," exclaimed Patrick, eagerly; "if the action be an honorable one, the dread of death shall not deter me from its essay!"

"Reserve this display of enthusiasm till occasion offers to prove its reality," resumed the last speaker; "at present you are enjoined to listen with deferential silence to any communication we may think necessary to entrust you with, and lest you should question our authority, learn that two of us here assembled derive it from the purest of all sources—the voice of the people of Venezuela, which has nominated us their deputies to the congress recently established. A strong republican party," he continued, "exists in this city, though our late defeat has in some measure neutralized its powers. An important blow was meditated that would have paralyzed the Spaniard in the hour even of his victory. Fortune appeared to favor its execution; the daring patriot to whom the project was entrusted already saw in perspective the glorious reward which his zeal would have merited from a grateful nation. At this moment you appeared like a baneful planet to wither his hopes and blast his design. Gomez!—(at this name our hero's countenance betrayed much agitation)—had sworn to immolate the tyrant Morillo, at the shrine of his country's freedom, and was about to redeem his oath, when you —"

"Great God, I thank thee!" fervently ejaculated Patrick, starting from his seat, his face glowing with indignation, "that thou hast deemed me worthy to be the instrument of defeating the assassin's purpose."

"Peace, fool, nor interrupt me with your cant," vociferated the wily casuist: "know that the end often sanctifies the means; that which you term assassination is but retributive justice. We have no time, however, to waste in words; Gomez through your means has become an object of suspicion—any further attempt on his part would be madness. You are bound to supply his place; daily opportunities present themselves—rank, riches, and

freedom are the result of your compliance; death, —irrevocable death—the consequence of your refusal—pause ere you decide."

"My choice is already made," calmly answered our hero; "I would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than owe my life to such conditions."

"Then perish in your obstinacy," exclaimed one of the hitherto silent members, at the same time plucking a naked poignard from his bosom, and springing to the spot where stood his unarmed victim. Patrick felt that the crisis of his fate approached; collecting himself, therefore, for one final effort, he met the point of the murderous weapon with his left arm, whilst a well-directed blow from his right levelled the ruffian with the earth, the violence of whose fall having loosened the mask, discovered to our hero the well-known features of the malignant and bloody-minded Gomez! To seize the dagger of his fallen adversary, and place himself in a posture of defence, was the work of a moment. Like the stag at bay, he resolved to sell his life dearly; he had, however, fearful odds to contend with—six poignards in the hands of as many infuriate demons gleamed before his eyes. At this instant a loud crash was heard—the assassins became transfixed with astonishment—a rush of footsteps followed, and in another second the vault was filled with soldiers of the Spanish guard, at the head of whom Patrick recognized Colonel Arias and Juan Fernandez. The joy of the latter at finding his dear master, as he termed him, in safety, was scarcely to be restrained. The seven conspirators were removed under a strong escort to the city prison; our hero, accompanied by the serjeant, returned to his quarters, where, after having his left arm dressed, which had been slightly wounded, he learnt the following particulars.

Juan had observed his master's depression of spirits, and fearing it might lead him into some rash act, decided upon watching his motions. With this view, he had followed him to the cathedral, where, concealed by an intervening pillar, he had witnessed the delivery of the secret note, which, having subsequently found, made him acquainted with the hour and place of interview. At this he likewise contrived to be present, and having traced the stranger through all the labyrinths of his route, arrived shortly after him at the ruined barracks. The intricacies of the path, which impeded the progress of Patrick and his guide, favored his concealment; and screened from observation by the masses of stone and heaps of rubbish that lay in the road, and by occasionally stooping, he managed to reach the entrance to the vault at the precise moment requisite to furnish him with the signal and countersign, of which he had no sooner obtained possession, and noted the exact spot, than he returned to the town, with the intention of apprizing the military authorities. On his way to the government-house, he encountered Colonel Arias, who had but just arrived, to whom he made known his errand. Not an instant was lost in mustering a detachment of troops, and it

has been seen, that having forced an entrance, it arrived just in time to save our hero from destruction.

The sequel is soon related. At an early hour the ensuing morning a council of war assembled by order of Morillo, before which the seven prisoners were arraigned. On the evidence of the papers seized in the vault, (which not only fully acquitted Patrick of any participation in the plot, but evidenced the strong abhorrence he had manifested at the proposition made him,) they were unanimously found guilty, and their sentence of death carried into execution in the public square of Caracas, within two hours after the announcement of the verdict. Our hero, with the thanks of Morillo, received his liberty, and a handsome sum of money. He was accompanied to the Port of La Guayra by his two staunch friends Colonel Arias and Juan Fernandez, who, with sincere wishes for his health and prosperity, saw him embark in a vessel bound for the Island of Jamaica, where he arrived in safety. Disgusted with the sanguinary principles upon which the war on the Spanish Main was conducted, he seceded from the service of the republic, and shortly afterwards proceeded to the United States. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, he renewed his studies in surgery, and eventually established himself in the beautiful city of Philadelphia; here he resided some years, in the enjoyment of a moderate share of professional reputation, and would frequently, on a winter evening, amuse his friends by narrating the events of his short military campaign, in which he expatiated, with peculiar satisfaction, on the fortunate result of his "Ruse de Guerre," concluding, to the manifest amusement of his Yankee auditory, with an account of his providential escape from the daggers of the seven conspirators in the subterranean vault, at the capital of Venezuela.

The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans in the years 1814-1815. By the Author of "The Subaltern."

A Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India. By the Rev. T. ACLAND. Murray.*

THE first of these additions to Mr. Murray's well-stocked and entertaining library is the reissue of a narrative already well known. Mr. Gleig is an unequalled military story-teller; and if his Washington and New Orleans Campaign is less popular than others of his books, it is that the disastrous story is somewhat too truly told in it. It is nevertheless, on that account, a book we would strongly recommend to general perusal. It is a salutary thing to be reminded, now and then, of miscarriages and discomfitures; and a more notable example in this way than the second American war, presenting so many discreditable forms of bad management, incapacity, and unsoldier-like conduct, does not exist in our history. We are very glad to have it so plainly and unscrupulously told by Mr. Gleig (though his narra-

tive is short of the whole truth) and to see it published in this form. The fact of the historian having been himself present in the campaign, gives a more than usually animated tone to his descriptions, and his accounts of military movements and manœuvres have the ease and clearness in which few writers, to our thinking, have equalled him. It is a sad story at the best—this conflict of men of the same family, speaking the same language, and possessed by the same indomitable spirit; and some of the close and desperate encounters recorded by Mr. Gleig remind us of nothing so much as the scenes of our great civil war. There is a brief mention of the field of a bloody skirmish in which the writer had himself taken the leading part (preceeding that ill-fated attack on New Orleans, of which not the least memorable circumstance was that the English scaling party had forgotten to bring their scaling ladders!) at once recalling what is told of Marston Moor. Never may such scenes return!

"I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies within as narrow a compass, though these, to speak the truth, were numerous enough, but wounds more disfiguring or more horrible, I certainly never witnessed. A man shot through the head or heart lies as if he were in a deep slumber; insomuch that when you gaze upon him you experience little else than pity. But of these, many had met their deaths from bayonet wounds, sabre cuts, or heavy blows from the but ends of muskets; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expressions. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body."

The little book of *Indian Manners and Customs* is the work of a clergyman appointed to a chaplaincy in India five years ago, who died after three years' residence; but who had meanwhile written home to his children, left in England, such accounts of India, and its people, their habits, amusements, and pursuits, as he conceived likely to interest young readers, and in the familiar style adapted to win and engage them. His letters have here been thrown into the form of a journal, in the belief that the substance of them will prove not less attractive to the children of others than they proved to those of the writer. Mr. Acland was evidently a very amiable, good-hearted, cheerful man, fond of active pursuits as long as his health permitted, and a skilful observer. There is an entire absence of pretension in his writing, and it is very pleasing. In some respects, there has not been a book about India with so much matter of a popular and attractive kind, since Heber's *Journals*; and as a book addressed to young readers, and suited for them by the manner in which it is written, and by its stores of natural

* Murray's Home and Colonial Library, L. and LI.

and lively anecdotes, it supplies a desideratum. We have only space for one extract, describing an incident at Cuttack :

"I had been sitting in the verandah reading, and went away for a few minutes to speak to my wife. When I came back my chair was occupied. There, sitting as quietly and demurely as possible, was an enormous ourang-outang, or monkey of some sort. When I first caught sight of him he had my book in his hands, and was to all appearance reading. It happened, however, to be rather a stupid book, and he very soon threw it down; he then placed his hands upon his knees and sat perfectly still, just as if he had been meditating upon what he had been reading. I should say, as nearly as I could judge, that he must have been above five feet in height, supposing him to stand erect. He sat as upright as any man.

"After watching him for a minute or two, and observing that the calves of his legs were thicker and more like those of a man than monkeys' legs usually are, I stepped quietly back and called my wife. All this time I had not seen his face; however, as she came, one of the parrots screamed, and the old gentleman turned his head. His face was very dark, with large whiskers and beard, and hair all perfectly white; his body a light brown, and his face and hands peculiarly large. As soon as he saw me he half rose, laid both hands on the elbow of the chair, and began to grin and show his teeth, and spit at me. I did not quite like it, as I was afraid he might make a spring in my direction; yet I knew that my voice would at once frighten him away, if I raised the horrid unearthly yell used by the natives to scare wild beasts, and even which the tiger will hardly resist unless much pressed with hunger.

"Still I felt more inclined to watch him. Once I thought of going round the other way and getting my gun, but really he looked so much like a man that I could not have shot him. He continued to grin and spit until I turned away, hoping he would resume his former sedate position. As soon, however, as he thought my eye was off him, he rose leisurely from his chair, stepped slowly out of the verandah, caught hold of a branch of the banyan-tree, and swung himself up into it. As he did this I saw that he had a long tail; so he could not, I believe, have been an ourang-outang. Indeed, I never heard of them coming into this little island, nor, I think, into the district. I went into my study, and immediately afterwards heard him scuttling away over the roof of the house. I have not seen him since, but if he comes back I shall try to make friends with him by giving him food, though I believe he belongs to rather a treacherous family."

From the Examiner.

Daily Scripture Readings (Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ.) By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL.D. Three Vols. Constable.

THIS handsome volume forms the first of a series which will comprise the whole of Doctor Chalmers' *Posthumous Works*, issued under the care and superintendence of his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna. It had been announced that these writings were left by their author in a state of much greater completeness for the press than is usual with posthumous publications, and that they differed also for the most part both in sub-

stance and style from any of his previous productions. The greater portion of them were understood to be of a practical and devotional character, couched in very familiar forms of expression, and divested of all formality of arrangement.

We find this to be eminently the case with the work selected to open the series. Two collections of comments on the Bible are proposed to be included in it; as commenced by Doctor Chalmers in October, 1841, and continued with unbroken regularity till the day of his decease. "Go where he might," says Mr. Hanna, "however he might be engaged, each week-day had its few verses read, thought over, written upon—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ*; each Sabbath day had its two chapters, one in the Old and the other in the New Testament, with the two trains of meditative devotion recorded to which the reading of them respectively gave birth—forming what he denominated *Horæ Biblicæ Sabbaticæ*." The more private and personal character of the second journal, it would seem, caused some doubt to be entertained of the propriety of making it public; but this ultimately yielded to considerations which were thought to be more important, and both journals will be comprised in the present publication. Though the means for a judgment on that decision are not yet before us, we do not for a moment doubt that the highest motives have induced it; but without impugning these, we must declare our strong conviction that the author's own intention should be rigidly respected in writings of this kind, and that no other consideration, however strengthened by the desire to do honor to his memory or good to the world, should be allowed to govern the question of fitness or unfitness for publication.

Of the excellent public tendency of that portion of the readings which is now presented to us, no question can be entertained. Though the idea involved in them is not new, their tone and treatment are eminently so. They are unique in that respect. Their object cannot be described as learned or elaborate in any form, critical, historical, or doctrinal. The pen was taken up, really and solely, for the writer's private benefit; to bring his mind into as close and full contact as was possible with the passage of the Bible which was before him at the time; and, by at once recording, to help to make more permanent, the thoughts suggested and the moral or emotional effects produced. It was an expedient which in reading the life of Sir Mathew Hale he found to have been used with the same view by that great good man, impelled by the same cause which induced himself to adopt it—the confused and unsatisfactory effect of his previous "attempts at the sustained contemplation of divine things." Dr. Chalmers' great desire, says Mr. Hanna, "was to take off from the sacred page as quick, as fresh, as vivid, and as complete an impression as he could; and in using his pen to aid in this, his object was far more to secure thereby a faithful transcript of that impression, than either critically

to examine or minutely to describe the mould that made it." His first and readiest thoughts were expressed in his first and readiest words. The reader will not be uninterested to learn the names of the few books which Chalmers thought sufficient for the purposes of a Biblical Library. They were the *Concordance*, the *Pictorial Bible*, Poole's *Synopsis*, Henry's *Commentary*, and Robinson's *Researches in Palestine*. These were the only references he permitted himself to make in preparing his meditations. "These are the books I use," he said to a friend. "All that is biblical is there. I have to do with nothing besides in my biblical study." His favorites in the list seem to have been *Robinson* and the *Pictorial Bible*. They helped to make more real, the simple, vivid, and graphic beauty of his own impressions of the Scripture narrative.

We shall not be misunderstood when we add that the readings which here convey those impressions derive their chief value from a personal attractiveness of style and manner, and mainly from the fact of being *his*. The presence of Dr. Chalmers is predominant throughout. The singular *vitality* which was the characteristic of his genius, and which kept him as active and unwearied to the last day of his ministry as at the first, is transfused into every scriptural comment. With what boyish interest he discusses the incidents of the deluge; how he lingers with Hagar in the wilderness, peopling it with the Arabs that have ever since, as then, marauded or wandered there; how delightfully he dwells on the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times, and with what beauty draws forth the touching, affectionate, or noble traits of Abraham's life and character; what exquisite susceptibility he shows to those least little touches of natural feeling which identify the Rachels, and Jacobs, and Labans, and Rebekahs, with our modern life and custom; with what a personal love he follows the fortunes of good, mild, venerable Isaac, through all the trials and vicissitudes of his children; with what national naïveté he sets forth Sterne, and Shakspeare, and Mackenzie, as unequal to cope in pathos with Judah's address to Joseph; with what relish he enjoys the details of the erection of the tabernacle, dwelling on the very ornaments of the candlestick, and drawing genial wisdom from their forms of grace; how sublimely earnest is his following in the path of Moses, and with what affectionate awe and love he waits upon the steps of "good old Joshua;" the reader can only learn from the volume itself. There is never a misgiving of the life, the truth, the absolute reality, of a single passage. The venerable chronicle has been his life-long study, and, at a thought, his vivid imagination lights up its inmost stores. He will have no discussion of the miracles of Joshua. He *sees* the sun and moon, that they *did* stand still; the one resting over Gibeon, and the other in the valley of Ajalon. He beholds, by no "optical delusion," the land as it was shown to Moses; and, as they

were deposited in the Ark of the Testimony, he looks on at the two tables written by God's own hand. "What a relict," he exclaims, "what a memorial of the living God, for any people to have possessed!"

We can conceive no book, for these reasons, so likely to be of beneficial tendency in private as well as family devotion. It is to the mind what his favorite *Pictorial Bible* is to the eye. The wearied or relaxed attention will be roused by its animated earnestness, the wavering faith will find a solid resting-place in its undoubting and sublime beliefs. But we have detained the reader too long from what will better convey a correct impression and description of it.

This is the remark with which he enters on the history of Abraham. The personal allusion is to his grandson, then in his sixth year:

"I feel now as if entering on the daylight of history, and emerging from the obscurity of its earliest dawn. And I may here record the effect of old associations with the Bible narratives which are now before me. I feel quite sure that the use of the Sacred Dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice. Perhaps, when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy may light upon this page, and it is possible that his recollections may accord with my present anticipations of the effect that his delight in the *Pictorial Bible* may have in endearing still more to him the holy word of God. May it tell with saving effect on his conscience, in whatever way it may affect his imagination; and let him so profit by its sacred lessons of faith and piety, that after a life of Christian usefulness on earth we may meet in heaven, and rejoice forever in the presence of our common Father."

THE LAND OF JUDEA.

"At this rudimental stage in the history of the world, the kingdoms were small; and those who governed them, though dignified by the name of kings, were very petty chiefs. We recollect an infidel jest of Voltaire's on the insignificance of the district of Judea—from whence he would insinuate how unlikely it is that a place so limited should have been the real theatre of transactions and events which, if authentic, are far the most important that ever took place for the destinies of our species. There is something in our view highly unphilosophical in such an observation—as if the same play of essential interests and feelings, and the same manifestation of highest principle, the same lessons, the same moral, could not be as effectually exhibited within the limits of a narrow as within those of the widest materialism. There is no country which, apart from revelation, has bequeathed greater examples or done more for the civilization of our race than ancient Greece—yet look to the smallness of its territory, and see how all that is greatest and most imposing in secular history, was condensed there within a space far more contracted than was the land of Judea or the kingdom of Scotland, which last may, in her church contests and by the doings of her church, give forth lessons which may influentially and most importantly tell through the whole of Christendom."

THE NARRATIVE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER
OF GENESIS.

"There is an exceedingly picturesque and graphical interest in this narrative; and I feel the highest value for it as an exhibition of the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times. There is something particularly graceful and imposing in the politeness of Abraham; and I can now better understand the fitness of sacred biography as abounding in the exemplars of all that is good and great in the character of man. One likes the exuberant and affectionate hospitality of the good old man; and the very material of which it was made up enters most fitly and beautifully into the description of the whole scene. I do not know if it has ever been made the subject of a painting, but surely there is enough of the visible and the local to furnish the artist with objects for an impressive representation: the tent door, the tree, Abraham and Sarah, the three strangers, the servant, and the food which was dressed and set before them. Let me not hide myself as heretofore from my own flesh. Let me remember that hospitality, even to the unknown, thus exemplified in the Old, is expressly enjoined in the New Testament, and under the warrant, too, of the example recorded in the earlier Scriptures—'For thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' I have much to learn and much to unlearn ere I attain the perfection of the second law.

"I figure the great deference of Abraham for these unknown personages, in his standing by them while they ate—as if officiating in the capacity of their servant. Connect this with their being unknown, with his being unaware of their dignity; and we see in this trait an exhibition of the virtue—to honor all men."

NATURE AS IT WAS AND IS.

"It may appear a trifling and puerile remark; but I must confess myself much interested by the identity of human nature in its more familiar working at very distant periods of the world. Rachel ran to tell her father, (v. 12)—Laban ran to meet Jacob, (v. 13)—Rebekah ran to tell her mother, (xxiv. 28.) It is a minute, some would say, a ridiculously trifling thing to single out; but I like to contemplate human nature in the stability even of its lesser evolutions—the same as now thousands of years back. When a child is filled with any strong emotion by a surprising event or intelligence, it runs to discharge it on others, impatient of their sympathy; and it marks, I can fancy, the simplicity and greater naturalness of that period—that the grown-up men and women gave unreserved way to their first impulses, even as children did."

THE SONG OF MOSES.

"This noble poem is ascribed to Moses himself; and while its poetry speaks the inspiration of high genius, its sacredness speaks the direct inspiration of Heaven. Such a recognition of poetry and song tells us that in the service of God there should be the exercise, the consecrated exercise, of all the powers which he has given to us; and tells us that in religion the enjoyment might be as various as are the capacities of our nature. And there is that of sentiment in it which adapts it to the use of a church delivered from her enemies in all ages—nay, which fits and so makes it to be actually adopted for one of the triumphant songs of eternity. * * * I have often felt, as in reading Milton or Thomson, a strong poetical effect in the bare enumeration of

different countries, and this strongly enhanced by the statement of some common and pervading emotion which passed from one to another of their respective people. This is set forth with great beauty and power in verses 14th and 15th."

It is delightful to find this great and good divine mingling up with his solemn meditations the most eminent secular writers, referring to them as standards of the beautiful and wise, and not hesitating to compare the threatenings against the Judæan race in Deuteronomy even with what the genius of Scott has imagined for their modern realization in his fine romance of *Ivanhoe*.

On one of the ordinances of the Levitical Law, which has had much and momentous effect in modern history, Doctor Chalmers remarks:

"It is remarkable that while there is an express interdict on the marriage of a man with his brother's wife, there is no such prohibition against his marriage with his wife's sister. In verse 18, the prohibition is only against marrying a wife's sister during the life of the first wife, which of itself implies a liberty to marry the sister after her death—beside implying a connivance at polygamy."

It is to be added, however, that the marriage here forbidden, is, by the supplement in Deuteronomy, (on which the Pharisees questioned Christ,) distinctly recommended, where no issue has been left, for perpetuation of the elder line. That simple verse should have overthrown the whole shabby pretence of Cranmer, in the affair of Katherine Tudor's divorce.

THE CANDLESTICK OF THE TABERNACLE

"In the description of these various articles, it is well to observe that there are parts not for use only, but parts which serve no discernible purpose, save that of ornament. The candlestick would practically have answered all its mere utilitarian purposes as well as though there had been neither knobs nor flowers; and so too might our vegetable structures without so rich an efflorescence of gay and variegated blossoms. It is pleasing to contemplate such exhibitions of beauty, as designedly set forth by God to regale the taste and the eye of man. Even our Saviour signifies this object of the Divine workmanship—when he says to the lilies of the field, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

THE JEWISH LAW OF RELEASE IN DEUTERONOMY.

"This law of release is applicable not to strangers but to Jews, and not to all Jews it would seem, but to the poor of them only, (verses 4, 7—11.) Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness of these injunctions in behalf of the poor—equal to all that is enjoined us under our new and larger dispensation. The promises intermingled with these humane and benevolent charges, remind us of the aphorism, that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord.' There is something quite touching in these pleadings and remonstrances from the upper sanctuary on behalf of the poor, and the strangers, and the fatherless, and the widows. And what beauty of expression, too, to which Shakspeare seems all alive when he tells of a heart for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity. That 'the poor shall never cease out of the land,' suggests the same truth in the other form given to

it by our Saviour, when He says—'For the poor ye have always with you.'"

HEBREW CIVIL AND CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

"It were well for a philosophical and learned jurist to confront the civil law of the Hebrews given by inspiration with the laws and usages of the most enlightened nations, and also with the principles of his profession. The principle of prevention by example, as well as of correction and removal in the particular instance, is here adverted to; and the way in which the rule of capital punishment is given forth, along with that of the minor punishment, speaks strongly against those who oppose the penalty of death in all instances whatever. Here life for life is as absolute and unreserved an ordination as the eye for eye or tooth for tooth."

RETROSPECTION AND CIRCUMSPECTION.

PARLIAMENT is about to meet. The rate of interest is established at a height which, in this country, it has hardly ever reached, and has never before maintained in the memory of man; mercantile and manufacturing profit is vanishing before it, merchants are retiring from business, manufacturers pondering upon the impossibility of extricating themselves from the fetters with which their fixed capital invests them, and country gentlemen will soon find that mortgagees who can make an interest of seven or eight per cent. on the security of all the property of a great railroad will not be content to continue lending to them on the security of their estates at four. What is to be done?

Retrospective surveys of the causes in which public misfortunes have originated are generally unpalatable, but ours shall not, at any rate, be tedious. The bad harvest, the high price of cotton, and the Irish loan, were three considerable and concurrent causes, of which the two first were evidently beyond the reach of legislation or administration. The main and yet subsisting cause was created by legislation itself, and its malignity may possibly be susceptible of alleviation in consequence. We speak hesitatingly for two reasons, the first of which is that we have not before us such data as we think requisite for justifying us in positively deciding that the railroad malady admits of palliative treatment; the second is, that if we were to decide this point in the affirmative, we should know that whatever mode of interference might be selected must be attended with such difficulties as would require very unusual nerve, guided by very great caution and circumspection, on the part of any government successfully to encounter. Practically speaking, therefore, (and apart from practice and action we perceive no use in discussing this subject,) we expect little remedial advantage from anything that the legislature will prove disposed to decree regarding railroads, although we shall be very glad to find ourselves disappointed. We ourselves do not propose at present to do more than to make what the physicians call a diagnosis of the disease. To know accurately what it is, and how its baneful influence deranges the healthy action of our whole industrial system, is so far

useful that at least it will prevent our running after illusory remedies.

Money—by which we mean the precious metals—is capital, and eminently capital, but it is not capital in that form or sense in which those who have covenanted to bring forward capital for railroads propose investing it. They do not imagine that they are to invest every week 21,000 pounds weight of gold, (which is rather under the weight of 1,000,000 sovereigns,) but various materials which that amount of money will command, and for which it is to be exchanged. Now, we say that the various materials here referred to do not exist to the extent of a million's worth for every seven days, and that therefore the covenant to continue investing them at that rate per week is as impossible of physical performance as if it had been to pile St. Paul's on the Monument, and both on Westminster Bridge. A certain quantity of these materials (which are food, clothing, iron, coals, wood, stone, &c. &c. &c.) is every week evolved through the combined operations of labor and capital, and so becomes available for the transmutations and combinations appertaining to investment, but it is a much less quantity than is meant where we speak of a million's worth of them. Let us, merely for the sake of stating the argument clearly and briefly, suppose that the quantity really available every week is only one tenth of a million, or 100,000*l.* worth, then we shall the better succeed in making the physical impossibility of the performance of the railroad contracts present itself distinctly to the understanding. Then it becomes clearly visible that the covenants which the railroad promoters have made to furnish capital at the rate of a million per week, for two or three years to come, are wholly impossible of performance. There is but 100,000*l.* worth of materials to be brought forward per week—no more exists—but, as you have engaged to provide a million's worth per week, your contract cannot be performed, and neither Hercules nor Croesus could enable you to do it if they would.

But although the performance of this engagement is impossible, the struggle to perform it is like the death-struggle of a giant, and is absorbing and exhausting all the resources of the community. For the persons who have made these contracts are so very numerous, that they compose, perhaps, two thirds of the capitalists of the country, and almost all of them had previously engaged to provide capital for other objects than railroads—one as a merchant, another as a manufacturer, &c. &c.—and they are hopelessly incapable of fulfilling both obligations. The process of the general pressure now prevailing throughout the country began with this class, but it extends from it into the class which has kept aloof from railroad speculations. For both are involved together in respect of general business; and where the one is ruined primarily by railroad undertakings, the other suffers sympathetically, because the former can no longer fulfil ordinary contracts of business. And the spasmodic efforts to perform an impossibility,

now making by the promoters of railroads, affect the other class in a way that is fatal, by generating an exorbitant rate of interest, of which all are equally the victims. A high rate of interest in any country is an index of rapid prosperity when it emanates from a high rate of general profit, or return to capital; but when it proceeds from a high rate of general loss, as is the case at present, it is wholly ruinous even to those who, in any particular case, might otherwise be making a profit. For all other borrowers must submit to the rule that is established by a great body of borrowers who, stimulated by the fear of a total wreck, will sacrifice anything in the hope of retrieving what they have previously invested. It is notorious that, for this month past, twenty per cent. has been no uncommon rate for them to pay; and we question whether any railroad work whatever has been performed for these last three months at a lower charge for interest than ten per cent. Now the mercantile profit which has existed in England, in our memory, is generally from nine to ten per cent.: this is clearly incompatible with a rate of interest of nine, or even seven per cent.; and as the merchant and manufacturer now find themselves compelled to pay this rate, their alternatives of choice are—ruin or retirement from business.

Once arrived at this stage of the general pressure, a clear and simple explanation of the actual condition and immediate prospects of the commercial and manufacturing portion of the community opens before us. This body has, through very many years, based all its engagements, contracts, enterprises, connections, charges, rates of commission, calculations, and expectations of ultimate resulting profit, upon the assumption that it would never be subject to a higher, and in general would have to pay a lower, rate of interest than four per cent.; and facts and events having been generally in accordance with this assumption, the remunerative return to capital or the rate of profit in thriving undertakings (which may have ranged between the limits of seven and twelve per cent.) has proved sufficient to induce persons to enter into, and to continue in, business. While this limit of general profit has not been enlarged, the rate of interest has been, now for some length of time, raised from four to eight per cent. Every merchant and manufacturer must not only see, but feel, that this revolution, if it continue for a few months longer, must overwhelm him. The charge for interest in all undertakings whatsoever is so large a portion of the charges of merchandize, that its multiplication by two must reduce profits to zero and below. Consequently, we find that merchants and manufacturers in general are contracting their engagements and their business, while many are withdrawing altogether. As there is not in the country a sufficient supply of capital for carrying into execution all the inter-dependent engagements of the country, so the quantity which is actually available is virtually put up to auction, and the railroad companies proving the highest bidders it is knocked down to them, while other occupations necessarily lan-

guish and decay for want of their due portion of it.

Such is our view of the frightful malady under which the body commercial is now laboring, and the symptoms which we proceed to describe have begun to manifest themselves. The price of fixed capitals of all kinds, lands, funds, stocks, &c. &c., becoming lower and lower, and that of floating capital higher and higher, foreigners are sending, and will send, the precious metals here, because they can invest them here in fixed capitals at great momentary advantage. The price of everything is falling and will continue to fall, and this cause will add to the influx of the precious metals. But the withdrawal which we have described of so much floating capital from reproductive undertakings will lessen the usual stock of our manufactured goods, and consequently we shall find our exports and imports fall off. The revenue will continue to decline.

This condition of things is not yet at its culminating point. It will reach that when railroad calls and railroad expenditure, having seized and appropriated every particle that they can reach, shall then finally break down. The community will then betake itself once more to its antecedent avocations of production, and capital will once more begin to accumulate.

If we have correctly delineated the leading outlines of our present condition, and exhibited the causes which led to it, there can be no room for supposing that what is generally meant by Sir Robert Peel's bill had anything whatever to do in causing, accelerating, or aggravating it, or that the suspension of the bill could in any degree alleviate it. Our misfortunes proceed from a too rapid conversion of our floating into one particular description of fixed capital yielding no exchangeable produce in return. We have used up—and continue using up—our uninvested capital much faster than we annually reproduce it, in a description of enterprise which does not recreate, like a cotton-mill, a brewery, or a mine, any exchangeable material. How is it possible that Sir Robert Peel's bill—enacting that the Bank of England shall not issue more notes than represent 14,000,000*l.*, except in exchange for gold, and that other banking establishments shall be restrained within analogous limits—can have produced this peculiar and unproductive mode of using and consuming capital? What the country needs at present is additional capital; and if the Bank of England were to issue 100,000,000*l.* of notes to-morrow, is there any human mind so constituted as to believe that it would add thereby the smallest fraction to the capital of the country? Such a measure would raise the prices of all commodities estimated in these notes to a vast height, but would it raise their prices estimated in gold? Why should an American, Russian, or Brazilian, prove willing or able to give more gold for our calicoes because we are giving more paper for them among ourselves? Is it not notorious that under similar circumstances there are always two rates of price for everything

—the paper and the metallic—totally distinct from each other? What is the case at St. Petersburg—at Vienna? We trust that the time of the legislature now about to meet will not be taken up with discussions on a point so very plain as this. We hope that the ministers, and Sir Robert Peel, and the sound-minded portion of the opposition, will unite to save the country from the opprobrium of silly debates on the currency—a question so very simple, that a child who purchases a shilling's worth of toys at a fair, or an old woman who sells outter in any country market, can and does as thoroughly understand it as Locke or Ricardo themselves—a question of which the remarkable peculiarity is that there is actually nothing in it to understand, but a question which is hopelessly unintelligible the very instant you *make* it a question, and suppose that there is something recondite in it—something that requires to be understood.—*Examiner*, 13 Nov.

For the Living Age.

NOTES ON THE DEAD SEA.

[The following notes have been drawn up with much seeming care, and possess at present a more than usual interest, since, within the last month, one of our public vessels has gone to the Mediterranean with a party of officers of the navy to survey this region.

We do not perceive what practical benefit can arise therefrom, but as a matter of curiosity it is certainly as worthy the attention of our people as it has been that of the inhabitants of other countries.]

The destruction of the "cities of the plain" is placed about 1898 years before the Christian era.

The first mention made of the country about Sodom and Gomorrah is in Genesis xiv. 10. "The vale of Siddim was full of slime pits," or, as the Septuagint translates it, "bituminous"—through which ran the river Jordan in its southerly course, to empty, according to a once generally received opinion, into the Red Sea. This opinion, as will be seen, is now considered erroneous.

Dr. Madden has no hesitation in stating his belief, that the site of these towns covers the crater of an extinct volcano. Terrible, indeed, must have been that day when the vengeance of the Almighty came down upon these devoted cities; great must have been the convulsion of nature, when the earth opened, and the subterranean fires burst forth on high, giving the appearance which Moses describes as a "rain of brimstone and fire from heaven"—Genesis xix. 24. Nor did the volcano cease its burnings then; in the time of Josephus flame continued to issue forth; and even now, according to some authorities, smoke may still be seen.

Six streams upon the east, and four upon the west, and the river Jordan, empty into this sea. The latter arises a short distance from Dan, a town of

Cesarea Philippi, and derives its name from it, Yar meaning a *river*. A number of small brooks unite with it, and become merged in the Lake Samochinitis, or Aqua Merom—now known as Lake Houle. From hence, it continues running in its southerly course through the Sea of Tiberias, to empty itself into the Dead Sea. Between these two bodies of water there is a fall of nearly a thousand feet, according to Lieut. Symonds, R. N.—the latter being 1312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and the former 328.—(London: Geog. Soc., vol. xiii., p. 74.)

The face of the plain being thus lowered about the shores of the Dead Sea, the source of the river ceased here. Besides the Mediterranean level it is also ascertained that it is lower than the Red Sea; and if the river ever emptied into it, it must have been ages before these cities were engulfed, for, to have effected this, the whole valley of the Jordan must have been elevated, at that time, several hundred feet. Hence, says C. T. Beke, there can be no ground for the opinion that the Jordan at that time was arrested in its course to the southward along the Wadi-el-Araba, to the Gulf of Akaba. It is manifest, therefore, that whatever may have been the character of the country between the southern end of the Dead Sea and Gulf of Akaba, the waters of the Jordan could never have flowed in that direction.—(Athenæum, 1838, p. 335.)

M. Rusiger maintains that the basin forming the Dead Sea was antecedent to all historic epoch.—(Ib., 1842, p. 117.)

The width of the Jordan varies greatly, its depth averaging from three to five feet, according to the rains; its current is very rapid, pouring, according to Dr. Shaw's calculation, the incredible amount of six millions of tons of water daily into the Dead Sea. How he arrived at this conclusion we are not informed.

Some think that, like the Nile, its banks were overflowed at the season of frequent rains, and when the snow upon the mountains, where it had its rise, was melting.

They cite, in support of this, the following passage of holy writ: "These are they that went over Jordan in the first month, when it had overflowed its banks."—(1 Chron. xii. 15.)

Dr. Robinson doubts this, and quotes the Septuagint and Vulgate in favor of his view, that the words translated "overflowed its banks," ought to be, "was full up to all its banks."

When the earth opened in the plain, and the fires beneath burst forth, and these cities were swallowed up, whatever may have been its former course, the river ceased here and filled up the chasm.

Such earthquakes and volcanoes have frequently occurred in this portion of the world. The upheaving of an island near Sicily, in 1831, is within the recollection of most of us; Messina has repeatedly suffered; so also Calabria. Josephus (lib. xv., c. 2) speaks of an earthquake which killed ten thou-

sand people; and in 1759, a violent convulsion took place—shook down part of the walls of Safed—lasted three months, and destroyed three thousand persons.

Ten years since, the whole town of Tiberias was destroyed, hills rent asunder, and the face of the country altered; and that this region is still volcanic, may be argued from the numerous hot springs frequently met with along the shores of the Dead Sea and that of Tiberias.

And here we may inquire, why have we so little geological information in regard to this interesting portion of the world? In 1841, Sir David Wilkie, with two other English engineers, made a trigonometrical survey of the valley of the Jordan, and have furnished us with a barometrical table of the level of a number of places. Four years before that, Messrs. Moore and Beke made numerous soundings of this sea; others (Dr. Robinson in particular) have traversed its shores, and yet we know comparatively nothing of its geology.

The length of the river Jordan, from its rise to the Dead Sea, is about seventy miles in a straight line; its depth and width varying according to the nature of the country through which it flows.

The extent of the Dead Sea has been differently stated by various writers. Pliny gave its length as 100 miles, and 25 wide. Josephus says, 63 by 19; most travellers make it much less. That of Mr. Sherwood may be considered the most correct, 40 miles long, and from 8 to 10 wide. Dr. Robinson agrees in this estimate, (vol. ii., p. 217.) Berghaus considers its width 7.86 geographic miles.—(Lond. Geog. Soc., vol. ix., p. 310.)

Not more than two hundred years ago the ruins of cities were seen by many travellers, above the water's edge. Maundrell met with several very old Jews who saw the tops of houses; and Darvieux states that parts of walls were distinctly visible when he was there.

There is no outlet to this sea, so that the whole body of water brought into it by the Jordan, and the other smaller streams alluded to, must go off by evaporation, or by some subterranean channel, or, as supposed by Sherwood, by both united. The evaporation is seen arising in broad transparent columns of vapor, resembling water-spouts, but very much larger.—(Quoted from Irby and Mangles.)

As a consequence of this evaporation, a great quantity of salt is precipitated or deposited upon various parts of its shores, from which the Arabs obtain their supply for their flocks and families.—(Robinson, ii., p. 226.)

The specific gravity of the water of the Dead Sea is greater than that of any other lake or sea. Madden says that he could lie upon its surface like a log of wood; and he found it difficult to dive sufficiently deep to cover his body. Others, who have bathed in it, speak of the impossibility of forcing themselves downward—of the pricking sensation communicated to the skin, or of the small globules like oil or naphthæ standing upon them when they

emerged from the water. One person, who was so thoughtless as to plunge in with eyes open, found that it caused a smarting and burning for hours afterwards; and Dr. Madden, upon bathing with some slight abrasions of his skin, suffered for months after, the water having so irritated them as to produce ulcers.

Were this sea less strongly impregnated with saline and other matters, we suspect that its specific gravity would be too great for fish to live in it, and the contradictory reports on this subject, caused by finding a few near the mouth of the Jordan, may readily be reconciled, by remembering how vast is the body of fresh water which flows into it, and which, floating on the surface at first, would easily permit them to live a short time; yet they could not penetrate to any depth or pass to any distance.

The specific gravity of distilled water is expressed by 1.000; sea water 1.028; whilst that of the Dead Sea is 1.200. The only specimen of the water which has reached this side of the Atlantic, is that brought by Mr. Sherwood, and examined by Mr. B. Silliman, Jr. Its specific gravity differs from that just stated, being 1.153. This may be attributed to the fact that it was taken during the prevalence of the rains, when the streams had been greatly swollen.

One hundred grains of the water have been found, by repeated analyses, taken by different persons, and at intervals of nearly ten years, to contain twenty-four grains of solid matter. According to Dr. Marcet, in this amount there was—

Muriate of Soda,	10.360
“ “ Magnesia,	10.240
“ “ Lime,	3.920

and a small portion of the sulphate of lime.

The analyses of Dr. Madden, Gay Lussac, and Gmelin, give nearly the same result; that of Dr. Apjohn and Silliman, Jr., gives 82 parts of water, and states that its specific gravity was, as above quoted, less.

The color of the water is a dull green, though highly transparent, so that the eye traces the pebbles which cover the bottom, and are very various in color, for a great distance—among them those of fetid limestone. They are bituminous and emit a strong odor when rubbed against a woollen coat. In some cases the bitumen has invested other stones and formed a coating so tenacious that it is impossible to detach it mechanically. As no springs of petroleum or pitch have been discovered along the shore, we can only infer the condition under which the bitumen is found at the bottom by its appearance when thrown on shore. Judging from the fracture and vitreous texture throughout, we are warranted in concluding that it first appears in a fluid state like tar, and then cools down under the pressure of the water.—(Sherwood in Silliman's Journal, vol. xlviii., p. 5.)

At the south-west part of the sea there is a ford where the Arabs are in the habit of crossing when the waters are very low. Messrs. Irby and Man-

gles saw a caravan pass over it. On this subject travellers do not agree. It is near this ford that the temperature of the sea, has by some been found higher than in any other part of it; which has given rise to the belief that warm springs are abundant in this vicinity.

As in the time of Josephus, so in our day have large masses of bitumen been thrown up from its bottom, caused doubtless, and preceded generally by an earthquake. We have accounts of immense quantities being thus detached after the earthquake of 1834, and being cast upon the shores of the south-west part of this sea, and also in 1837 an immense piece, compared in size to an island, came up to the surface.

As a general description of its shores, it may be stated, that its eastern shore consists of perpendicular cliffs of limestone rocks, 1600 to 2500 feet high, receding from the southern coast and permitting an easy approach; the western is more broken and between 1400 and 2000 feet high; whilst the northern shore is sandy, giving it a desolate appearance, where there is no green spot for the eye to rest upon. And this was once the well watered, fertile valley of the Jordan. Well may the superstitious view it with awe; for no living thing can exist in it; no animal is found along its shores. They believe that birds fall dead in the attempt to fly across it, and they resist the traveller who would fathom its depths, for they look upon his work as sacrilege.

Until within the last ten years no attempts have been made to get soundings, as heretofore travellers looked upon it as an immense crater, shoal in one part, deep or fathomless in others; as an inland sea in the midst of a desert as it were, its depths varying according to the season and amount of evaporation. What beneficial effects could result? Nevertheless, excited by a laudable desire to open the book so long sealed, Messrs. W. G. Beke, with two other Englishmen, brought a boat from Jerusalem to Jericho, a distance of seven leagues, and launching it upon the Jordan, reached the Dead Sea March 29, 1837. They remained there until April 17.

"Whilst there," says the brother of Mr. Beke, in a letter dated March, 1838, in the *Athenæum* for 1838, p. 335, "they were able to navigate it, to take soundings of its depths in a great part of its extent, and make a sketch of considerable portions of its shores; the result will be laid before the public." In the same volume just quoted, December 15, Mr. Moore, in a letter to M. Berton says, that at 2,220 feet he had no bottom; and again these gentlemen are stated, in the Report of the London Geographical Society, vol. viii., p. 250, to have examined part of the shores of the Dead Sea, during the spring of 1837, and carried a line of soundings across it. In vol. vii., p. 456, we are told that these travellers, after surveying a great portion of the shores, were obliged to abandon their work, the guards and guides declaring they would not proceed. The width of the sea has been established beyond doubt; soundings also have been taken, showing great

depths—in some parts upwards of three hundred fathoms.

We have quoted fully what we could learn on this subject—the depth of the sea—because it is by some supposed to have never been either surveyed or sounded. The results of Messrs. Moore and Beke, above alluded to, which were to have been laid before the public, we have not been able to find. This we regret, as we were anxious to copy off at least one of the line of soundings referred to, vol. viii., p. 250, of the London Geog. Society's Journal.

The Journal of the French Academy of Sciences at Paris, for 1837, is said to contain the information, but this too we could not meet with.

Up to within the last five years the level of the Dead Sea has been considered to be not more than 600 feet below that of the Mediterranean; Professor Schubert and Mr. Moore agreeing upon that question.—(*Athenæum*, June 9—Dec. 15, 1838.)

In the year 1841, a committee, consisting of Sir David Wilkie, E. R. Beadle, and W. Woodburn, visited this sea and region. They found Jerusalem to be 2,520 feet, and St. Saba 606 feet, above the level of the Mediterranean, whilst Jericho was 617 feet, and the Dead Sea 1,414 below it.

Below is the table of their barometrical observations:—

Place.	Barom. Therm.		Weather.	Time.	Remarks.
	In.	(deg.)			
Jaffa,	29.958	594	Fine,	Mar. 1	Level of
Jerusalem,	27.438	554	Fine,	" 3	Medit'n.
St. Saba,	29.352	68	Threat'g rain,	" 4	
Dead Sea,	31.372	68	Do. wind north,	" 5	Level of
Half hour above	30.575	76	Rain,	" 6	Dead Sea
Jericho,	29.106	674	Foggy,	" 6	
Two hours do. do.	29.406	70	Fine,	" 6	
Four and half do. do.	27.278	644	High wind,	" 6	
Jerusalem,					

One of the first objects which attracted our attention, says Dr. Robinson, was a tree with singular fruit—the apples of Sodom. This tree was from ten to fifteen feet high, and six or eight inches in diameter, resembling in its general appearance the "silk weed" of our northern states. The fruit resembles an apple or orange, hangs in clusters of three or four, and, when ripe, is yellow; pressed upon, it explodes, and leaves in the hand only the shreds of the thin rind and a few fibres. The name given it by the Arabs is 'Osher; by botanists, *Asclepias gigantea vel procera*.

According to Hasselquist, the fruit of the *Solanum melongena* is the apple of Sodom, but it differs, being smaller; and, when ripe, is full of black grains—it does not explode as the other does. A small insect, the teathredo, penetrates this fruit and converts the whole inside into dust.—(Robinson, vol. ii.)

A late number of the "Times," published at Malta, mentions that Lieutenant Molineux, attached to her majesty's frigate Spartan, volunteered, whilst his vessel was on the coast of Syria, to survey the Dead Sea. He had returned, and was engaged in making a chart of his labors, to the publication of which, they who are interested in the subject are looking with curiosity and impatience.

CONTRERAS—THE CONFIDENCE OF THE RANK
AND FILE IN THEIR COMMANDERS.

ONE of the most striking things that has been observed during our operations, is the extraordinary effect produced upon the rank and file of the army by the presence of the general officers. Two instances of this kind came under my notice, and I have no doubt there are a great many more. On the evening of the 19th August, when the first demonstration was made on the command of Valencia, at Contreras, the commands of Colonel Riley and General Cadwalader had crossed the Pedregal, and arrived on the left flank of the enemy about 4 o'clock, P. M. As soon as the Mexicans ascertained their position, they brought round their cavalry, and made a strong demonstration towards them, while at the same time they opened two or three pieces of artillery upon them. At this junction a heavy reinforcement from the city made its appearance, under the immediate command of Santa Anna himself. Thus the two brigades became situated, with Santa Anna's heavy column, with artillery on their right; the fort, with twenty-two pieces of artillery, on the left, and a column of about 5,000 lancers on the hill immediately in front. The nature of the ground, being covered with irregular and unbroken rocks of lava, prevented their retiring, even under cover of the night; nothing could be seen of our force advancing—at first intended to bear upon the other flank of the enemy—and truly, matters looked gloomy enough in the isolated command. As soon as Col. Riley's brigade emerged from the little village on the banks of the deep ravine, the lancers in front charged down upon him; and I give you his own version and language: "They charged me, and I formed square, and then they ran away. They charged me again, and I again formed square; but they would not come closer than thirty or forty yards, when they wheeled and ran away the second time. I found they were afraid to try my square. They charged me the third time. I waited until they came close enough, and then charged them and opened fire, and, before they could get out of the reach of my men, there were a great number of their horses running about without riders." This last movement so completely surprised the lancers, that they withdrew to their first position, on the ridge of the hill, in front, and we fell back to the village, to where Gen. Cadwalader was. The whole command now began to look around and view their position. Here was a force more than quadruple their own upon each flank, and one of more than double theirs in front; if the whole of the enemy bore down upon them, they must be overpowered and crushed by overwhelming numbers; and so confident was Santa Anna that such would be the result, that he sent an express to the city announcing that he had got one column of the Americans into such a position that they must either surrender or be cut to pieces, as it was impossible for them to get away. Affairs looked gloomy; the brigade of Col. Riley now became particularly disheartened—they were in a tight place, supported by a brigade of new troops, of which they knew nothing—they were under the command of Gen. Cadwalader, who was a new man in the field, and, as they said, "might be a very good officer," but they did not know him; and if he made one misstep in so important a crisis, they were utterly lost beyond redemption—and old troops have a great aversion to new commanders. How were they to be extricated, and where was the giant mind to plan and

direct it? At this important stage of the affair, Gen. Smith, who had found it impossible to approach the enemy on the other flank without great loss, now crossed the deep ravine and joined the force with his brigade. While his command was crossing, he sent his aid-de-camp, Lieut. Vandorn, forward, to ascertain the situation of the forces and the nature of the ground. As soon as he was seen by the old regulars, they exclaimed, "Here's the Little Lieutenant!" "Here's the Little Lieutenant!" "General Smith is about somewhere!" "We're all right now!" "No, there's no such good luck; I am sure he went with his brigade to the other flank—it's him they've been firing on so heavy." "But, if he is over there, what's the little one doing here?" While they were thus remarking and conjecturing, General Smith with his brigade turned the corner of the lane and came in view of the whole line. As soon as their anxious eyes fell upon him, a hundred voices joyously exclaimed—"Here he is!" "Here he is!" "Here's General Smith!" "Now we'll have them!" "Now we'll give it to them!" And a cheerful bustling hum was heard among them where all was a dead dispiriting silence before—their dulness became a lively gayety—confidence and enthusiasm took possession where distrust and lethargy had just now prevailed. While this was the very highest compliment that could or can possibly be paid to the eminent ability of the gallant general, it also showed that the rank and file never lose confidence in themselves; they feel competent to surmount all difficulties and overcome any obstacles—they only want to feel that they will be properly commanded—that they will be skillfully handled, and that their commanding officer possesses the ability to dispose of them to the best advantage that the circumstances will admit—they fear not to die, but they want to be satisfied that they will not be unnecessarily sacrificed.

Gen. Smith took the command, and by different movements diverted the attention of the enemy until the engineers reconnoitred their positions and the nature of the ground. At night the plan of attack was formed. General Shields joined with his brigade about 2 o'clock. At the dawn of the morning the enemy, who but a few hours previous felt so confident of success, found the brigade of Col. Riley, supported by General Cadwalader, in their rear, bearing down upon them like an avalanche, their commander infusing into them, by his language and his looks, his own unconquerable enthusiasm and determination, the unerring riflemen riddling their flanks, and, as they commenced their retreat, the brigade of Shields dealing them death and destruction. Victory perched upon our banner—our arms triumphed. Our loss was very small—the enemy suffered severely, and were routed from a position they deemed impregnable—and one of the first things I heard was a soldier exclaiming, "Did'n't I tell you, boys, when General Smith joined us last night, we'd give them h— before they knew what they were about?" "But," says another, "you did n't think we were going to come this way." "H—! who says I did? but I knew there were 'foxes about,' and that we were as certain to whip them as my name is John."

Again: there was another instance, equally strong showing the affection of the men for their commander. General Shields was wounded in the attack upon the works under Chapultepec. As soon as he saw the fortifications carried, he returned to the rear for the purpose of having his wound dressed.

As he passed along the line of his brigade, the men seemed to sympathize with him as though he had been a brother to them all. But the feeling showed itself stronger when they came to advance upon the city along the aqueduct; and as they were compelled to halt at different points, I heard them frequently asking, "I wonder who will command our brigade now?" "I don't know," says another; "but, live or die, I'll stick by the palmetto as long as there's any one to carry it." "That is not the thing, exactly. We will all stand by our colors. We want some chief that we all know, who will look out and see that our colors don't get where we will all get our heads knocked off standing by it. We want some one who will not get us all killed off without doing anything." At this moment Gen. Shields came riding up, with his arm in a sling. His appearance at the rear was announced by the cheering salutations of his command, which extended along the whole line. His men—officers and privates—are devotedly attached to him, and would follow him anywhere he would lead them with pride and confidence; and his appearance among them was equal to an addition of a force equal to their own numbers.

Many instances of this kind occurred; and it is impossible to describe the difference in the appearance of a command when they feel confident in their commanders, and when there are doubts flashing across their minds.

MUSTANG.

N. O. Delta.

From the National Era.

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. pp. 163.

EUREKA!—Here, then, we have it at last! An American poem, with the lack of which British reviewers have so long reproached us. Selecting the subject of all others best calculated for his purpose—the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadie from their quiet and pleasant homes around the basin of Minos, one of the most sadly romantic passages in the history of the colonies of the North—he has succeeded in presenting a series of exquisite pictures of the striking and peculiar features of life and nature in the New World. The range of these delineations extends from Nova Scotia on the northeast, to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the West, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South. Nothing can be added to his pictures of quiet farm life in Acadie, the Indian summer of our northern latitudes, the scenery of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the bayous and cypress forests of the South, the mocking bird, the prairie, the Ozark hills, the Catholic missions, and the wild Arabs of the West, roaming with the buffalo along the banks of the Nebraska. The hexameter measure he has chosen has the advantage of a prosaic freedom of expression, exceedingly well adapted to a descriptive and narrative poem; yet we are constrained to think that the story of *Evangeline* would have been quite as acceptable to the public taste, had it been told in the poetic prose of the author's "Hyperion."

In reading it, and admiring its strange melody,

we were not without fears that the success of Professor Longfellow in this novel experiment might prove the occasion of calling out a host of awkward imitators, leading us over weary wastes of hexameters, enlivened neither by dew, rain, nor fields of offering.

Apart from its Americanism, the poem has merits of a higher and universal character. It is not merely a work of art; the pulse of humanity throbs warmly through it. The portraits of Basil the Blacksmith, the old Notary, Benedict Bellefontaine, and good Father Felicean, fairly glow with life. The beautiful *Evangeline*, loving and faithful unto death, is a heroine worthy of any poet of the present century.

We need not urge our readers to share with us the pleasure of perusing "*Evangeline*." Those who have already done so will echo back our word of grateful acknowledgment; while to those who have not, we can only say that we almost envy them the privilege which we have forfeited, of reading for the first time the touching and beautiful story of the Exiles of Acadie.

J. G. W.

THE DETECTIVE DAGUERRETYPE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Your columns are often the medium of propounding moral truths, but I do not think that they have hitherto served for the promulgation of scientific discoveries. Allow me, sir, to communicate to the public, through your pages, a most valuable invention, which is as wonderful, and will prove as useful, as the electric telegraph itself. It consists, sir, of a modification of the Daguerreotype, so sensitive as to be affected by the faintest candlelight, and to be capable of producing a perfect picture when subjected to the agency of a dark lantern. And now, sir, for the use to which the instrument is applicable. You have a counting-house, sir—of course you have—the strong box of which is, even at the present period of commercial distress, full of money. You take my Daguerreotype, sir, and previously to leaving your place of business at night, you station it on a shelf, or in some other convenient situation, commanding the receptacle of your wealth. You then lock the door, sir, and you go away. If, during the night, a thief break into your establishment, and abstract your treasures, you will have the satisfaction of finding the next morning, in my Daguerreotype, a correct portrait of the depredator. I tested the powers of my instrument, sir, myself, by setting it as a species of trap in my own larder, and the result is, that I possess a picture of my cook, accompanied by a soldier in the — guards, into whose hands she appears consigning a leg of mutton.

"I need not enlarge, sir, on the vastness of the boon which this invention of mine will confer on society, superseding in a great measure, as it certainly will, the services of the detective police. Much innocent amusement, sir, may be also obtained by my apparatus. Its capabilities have been tried, for instance, by some jealous ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance, and the consequence, sir, I can assure you, has been the production of some very pretty pictures."

LES ROIS S'AMUSENT.

THE pastimes of kings would make a very curious book. We mentioned last week the particular fancy the King of Spain, the Prince of Assis, has for playing on the big drum. After all, this is a very harmless amusement, and not half so expensive as building toy-palaces, or half so cruel as shooting stags in a fenced ring. Let us see if we can enumerate the amusements of the different kings of the present day.

Louis Philippe can have very little amusement at present, for he has married all his sons; and as for prosecuting the public papers, the amusement must have grown fearfully tiresome. Like the game of *beggar-my-neighbor*, a little of it is all very well, but it does not do to be always playing at it. It is true there is Algeria, but the *bulletins* have no longer that raciness and strong sense of honor which they had when Bugeaud used to kill Abd-el-Kader once a week, and send over his horse and umbrella in every steamer. The poor King of the French can only laugh now, when he reads over the account of the glorious three days of July, and thinks of the *charte* being proved a *vérité*, as strong as cannons can make it, by the fortifications of Paris. Henri Quatre, we think, amused himself in a different way; but of course different kings have different styles of joking.

The King of Naples plays at whist, and is happy for a week if he wins a halfpenny point. He dabbles, too, a little in sulphur, which may account for his holding such good hands generally in the above game, and for his doing everybody so cleanly in all commercial matters.

Leopold's great amusement is in running about. Like the Brussels sprout, he is to be found planted everywhere but in Brussels. Next to the American sea-serpent, he is the greatest traveller of the present day. His back is always turned upon Belgium, which makes it difficult for his subjects to throw his perpetual absence in his face. If taunted with it, he would doubtless answer, "*Mes braves Belges*, I love you more than I can express—in fact, I love you quite beyond myself;" and off he runs to Paris, to convince them of the fact.

The peculiar fancy of Nicholas, besides his persecution of Poland, which is only "an amiable weakness," peculiar to Russian emperors in general, and himself in particular, is to give snuff-boxes away to everybody. He must have given away more snuff-boxes in his life-time than Lablache has ever received, and that number is as difficult to count as the children of the royal family. One would imagine that he had bought a lot cheap at some auction, and was at a loss how to get rid of them. If ever a monster statue similar to the one of Peter the Great is erected to Nicholas, it ought to be on a pedestal of snuff-boxes. We wonder how many confirmed snuff-takers Nicholas has made in his life-time, of quiet, respectable persons, from the vanity of carrying about with them, and displaying on every possible occasion, the imperial gift! However, it is a generous recreation, for emperors generally have amused themselves in forcing their subjects to put their hands into their pockets, for purposes of quite a different pinch.

Austria has very little amusement beyond considering himself the "Father of his people," and cutting off their privileges, and sometimes their heads, to prove it. He delights in Metternich, and has a cultivated taste for a ballet.

Ludwig, the King of Bavaria, rollicks also in the

latter amusement, in which his subjects are not much inclined to join him. He has also a weakness for poetry which is of a sweet, melting kind, best suited for the mottoes of *bonbons*; though occasionally his Bavarian majesty comes out with an epigram, which would shine round an acidulated drop, but looks rather dull in a history. Another of his amusements is newspaper editing, and it is reported he wields the editorial scissors with wonderful effect on the articles of others, but never on his own; though some of his royal proclamations about raising the price of beer would be wonderfully improved, critics do say, if they were reduced a little, or occasionally left out altogether.

Prussia amuses himself, as Penelope did with her Berlin wool, in making a constitution and then pulling it to pieces again. Another of his amusements is in reading every paper that contains a notice of his majesty. He has a minister, whose German title we would repeat only it occupies three lines, expressly to hunt out all these notices and submit them to him. This poor fellow has no easy berth of it, for his majesty somehow only appreciates the compliments, and takes no pleasure in the abuse. The minister deeply deplores this depraved taste on the part of his majesty, as he has generally to resign for giving offence about twice a week.

There are other royal amusements, such as the memorable one of a king of Abyssinia, who struts about in a cocked hat, a red coat, and a flannel petticoat, with a large broom in his hand. There is likewise the King of the Cannibal Islands; but it is hardly necessary to specify his amusements, as we believe they are already recorded in a popular song, which can be had of all music-sellers.

Running our eye over the different amusements of the sovereigns who grace the thrones of the present day, they are a great improvement, we must confess, on the amusements of kings "as used to was." Shooting stags is manly sport compared to that of firing from a balcony on a populace; and playing on the big drum is child's play by the side of a bluff old king, whose principal amusement was to take off his wife's head as soon as he had married her. Ah! those were the days for amusements! What a merry monarch that Charles the Second was! Why, there is not a king of the present day who would go into the Cheshire Cheese, and order a Welsh rabbit and a pint of stout, and when he found he had no money to pay for it, knight the landlord on the spot in lieu of payment!

By the bye, talking of royal amusements, we hear that the Duc d'Aumale (the King of Algeria that is to be) has been invited to a ball by the native Arabs of Algiers. We suppose this is in return for the many balls the French have given the Arabs; but as regards the choice of the two amusements, dancing and fighting, we think the Algerians beat the French hollow. Besides, the novelty of a party of dancing Arabs must afford immense amusement to the poor transported Parisians, who have no *bals masqués*, no *Chaumières* or *Châteaux Rouges* to beguile them at uncivilized Algiers.

THINGS ARE NOT QUITE SO BAD IN THE CITY.

While seriously owning, and deeply bemoaning

The fact, that the state of the nation
Is gloomy at present, at least it is pleasant

To think we have one consolation.

The manifold messes, the scrapes and distresses
Of mercantile men whilst we pity,

We 've the comfort of knowing, howe'er the world's
going.

Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Our citizens' troubles, through dabbling in bubbles,
Or otherwise capital sinking,
Have still left them treasures to spend on their
pleasures,

In pageantry eating, and drinking.

The ninth of November—Lord Mayor's day, re-
member—

The burden suggests of our ditty,

The correctness displaying, of what we are saying—
Things are not quite so bad in the city.

If people are able to put on their table,

Embellished with laurel and myrtle,

By way of beginner, just merely, for dinner,

Tureens near three hundred of turtle,

And dishes by dishes of all sorts of fishes,

'They must be more wealthy than witty—

Oh! whate'er our disasters, 't is certain, my masters,

Things are not quite so bad in the city.

The board that is cumber'd with viands unnumber'd,

Ribs, barons, legs, sirloins, and haunches,

With turbot and mullets, fowls, turkeys, and pul-
lets,

Sufficing some hundred of paunches;

The feast so tremendous, the feed so stupendous,

Must come to a trifle full pretty;

So, for all our mischances in point of finances,

Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Creams, woodcocks, and widgeons, tarts, peacocks,
and pigeons,

Prawns, custard, blanc-mange, lobster-salad,

With oysters and jellies, for many more bellies

Than all we could name in this ballad,

Are proof in redundancy of wealth in abundance—

No case in all Archbold or Chitty,

More plain is related than what we have stated—

Things are not quite so bad in the city.

Then think of the bottles, to moisten their throattles,

Drain'd off by the citizens merry;

Let any man's "gumption" compute the consump-
tion

Of claret, champagne, port, and sherry.

This feasting and treating, the House, at its meeting,

Without going into committee,

Will resolve, has shown clearly, that though look-
ing queerly,

Things are not quite so bad in the city.

THE QUESTION OF THE CAPITALIST.

It was a man of capital, a mighty millionaire,
Who, sipping his *Lafitte* alone, sat in his easy chair;
His brow with wrinkles manifold was furrowed o'er
and wrought,

By which 't was plain this millionaire was deeply
wrapt in thought.

His goblet's stem the moneyed man with nervous
gesture thumbed,

And then anon he scratched his head, and then the
table drummed,

And then a tune he whistled; and it was n't very
long

Before this man of capital thus broke forth into
song:—

"Now I'd give a handsome sum,

If a little bird would come,

One acquainted with the secrets of futurity;

And would tell me what to do,
And what measures to pursue,
With a view to speculation and security.

"I have got an ample store,
But should like to make it more;
One of course is anxious, naturally, so to do;
At the same time, to be rash,
And to risk the loss of cash,
Is what no reflecting gentleman would go to do.

"Now that discount 's eight per cent.,
Is the time when money lent
Is invested, in the abstract, most judiciously.
On the other hand, 't is clear,
Now that matters are so queer
In the city, that one ought to act suspiciously.

"Could this panic be controlled,
If we moneyed men, with gold,
On the market all came down contemporaneously?
Well, I think perhaps it might:
And suppose we stopped the fright,
There would be a drop in discount instantaneously.

"Who 'll be first to bell the cat?
For whoever will do that
In the nick of time, with caution and dexterity,
Taking care he is n't bit,
He will make a lucky hit,
And large winnings will repay his wise temerity.

"Matters mend when at the worst,
And my capital I 've nursed,
Till I think they must be near'y that condition in;
And until the crisis pass,
If I tarry, of an ass
I shall find myself the laughable position in.

"Well, I really am inclined,
I have more than half a mind
(If I thought that I could venture with impunity)
To come forward with my board,
Ere with confidence restored,
Of aggrandizement I lose the opportunity.

"Then, whilst adding to my gains,
The distress abroad that reigns
Could I lighten, I should have the satisfaction of
Doing well for my own ends,
And the pleasure which attends
Public spirit and benevolence an action of."

SONG OF THE RAILWAY SPECULATOR.

By the sad sea waves I wander, while I moan
A lament o'er hopes of splendid riches gone.
In the world I stood fair, I had once not a care,
For of cash I had enough, and—unlucky! some to
spare:

Now I hide me from duns by the sad sea waves.
Come again, bright days of hope and premiums past,
Come again, bright days, come again, come again.

From my cares, last night, by tardy sleep beguiled,
In my dreams I thought the city on me smiled;
For my shares were gone up, every broker that I
knew

Winked a golden welcome back, spoke in accents
bland and mild;

But I wake in my bed, by Boulogne's sad waves.
Come again, dear dream, so pleasantly that smiled,
Come again, dear dream, come again, come again.

SEDUCTION AND ITS CHECKS.

THERE has been a newspaper discussion on the subject of "seduction and its punishment," useful so far as all parties to it have agreed in appealing to the judgment of common sense, with a view to practical objects, rather than to mere dogmatic prejudices; but yet, we venture to think, not so conclusive as it might have been if the disputants had pushed the inquiry quite home. That the subject is a very proper one to be discussed just now, is proved by the fact that the court of queen's bench has granted a rule to show cause why there should not be a new trial in the case of *Dingle versus Baker*, in which Mr. Justice Wilde laid down the dictum that a parent could not recover damages for the seduction of his child except for the loss of services actually prevented by illness.

The present discussion was begun by one "Joseph," in the *Times*, who seems to have been actuated simply by the desire to check cant and needless intervention of law—a praiseworthy motive. His main arguments are these. Incontinence is not seduction. Incontinence is a vice beyond the reach of law, and only to be kept in check by moral influences. What is called the "seduction" of a woman is mostly the mere result of her own incontinence, and constitutes neither an offence to be penally visited on the man, nor a civil trespass to be compensated by payment of damages to the woman. Another dilettante commentator, signing himself "Human Nature," interposes with the just observation, that although incontinence is an offence, the seduction or "leading on" to the commission of that offence is as clearly a crime as the leading on of children to commit theft. And the *Globe* more forcibly takes the bull by the horns in joining issue on Joseph's main fact. "If," says Joseph, "there is any priority, it is the woman who makes the first advances—at least so far as to give the man to understand that she will not be greatly offended by boldness on his part. I doubt (and Joseph begs that his readers will refer to the experience of their own youth) if it ever occurred to any man to attempt the seduction of a woman whom he really believed to be modest and virtuous." The *Globe* denies this. "It is our belief, that in far the greater number of cases, man, and not woman, is the seducer." "How often does he effect his purpose by taking advantage of the ignorance of his victim?" "But suppose, for argument's sake, that both parties were equally guilty, is that any reason why the man should escape all punishment?" Clearly not. There is one conclusion, however, on which all are agreed—that the legal fiction by which "loss of service" is made the only ground of action for seduction, is an absurd and contemptible procedure, that ought to be abolished in favor of a direct law on the subject.

The nature of the law, whether it be judge-made law or regular statute law, would be determined by defining the nature of the offence against which it is levelled; and this is the point where the discussion appears to us to fall short.

Joseph says that the laws "both of nature and society" visit the woman with far the heavier penalty; which is an assumption. "Nature," like all obscure authorities, is one much abused; and in respect of this question, it does not appear that she has been so unjust as Joseph would make out. The liability imposed by nature is that of maintaining the progeny; and it appears to be provided for by that instinctive affection which is usually found to actuate both parents; the mother is the more powerfully influenced in the earliest period of the child's infancy; possibly at a later period the father is the more powerfully swayed by the same motive; at any rate, in a greater or less degree it affects both. Both, too, are free to abandon the child; "nature" imposing no penalty for that offence but a wounded conscience. Society goes beyond "nature," and insists that if a child be brought into the world, or even if there be a chance thereof, there shall be a guarantee for its maintenance, so that it be not "chargeable to the parish." This further liability, though its enforcement is highly proper, is altogether a factitious social law; wherever society intervenes, it ought to do so with equal justice; and therefore the liability ought to be imposed with perfect equality on both parents, who are equally authors of the child's being. The liability of the mother is proclaimed by the circumstance of childbirth; but surely the law ought to enable her to point out her accomplice, in order that half the liability may be transferred to him.

Hitherto we have considered the matter as if the woman were her own mistress, having arrived at "years of discretion;" but if she have not attained the boundary fixed by law between "infancy" and maturity, the case is considerably altered. A minor labors under many social disabilities created by law, and has an equitable right to a countervailing amount of protection; and these disabilities are especially stringent on female minors. A minor cannot act in the affairs of life without parental authority, and the authority which is enforced against her liberty of action should also be maintained to protect her against the actions of strangers. A minor cannot dispose of herself in lawful marriage without the parental leave, and should be shielded not less carefully against lawless contingencies of an analogous kind. In this view, the seduction of a minor is a trespass on parental authority, to the detriment both of parent and child; and every trespass is the proper subject of a civil action for compensatory damages. But furthermore, if the seduction has been effected by fraud perpetrated on the inexperience of youth, then, we conceive, the offence will partake of a criminal character, and will be fairly subjected to an aggravation of damages in a penal sense. There is no reason why the law should not proceed upon a direct recognition of parental authority in the case of seduction as well as of its correlative marriage, instead of resting on the absurd and precarious fiction of lost services.

—*Spectator*.

MR. STEPHEN: THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

MR. STEPHEN has fulfilled a long expectation, by abdicating. He retires from the under secretaryship of the colonial office, and leaves behind him no one who can take his place. It is his singular fate that such a statement should be made of so able a man without regret.

Mr. Stephen is followed into his retirement by quasi-official panegyrics, which might pass unquestioned, on the principle *de mortuis*, but for two facts; the country has still to cope with the consequences of Mr. Stephen's administration; and, there is no surety that it is yet finally relieved of Mr. Stephen himself. He is translated into the privy council: and, apart from the possibility of his still exercising some tutelary influence over official departments, there are not wanting rumors that, after a renovating tour abroad, he is to reënter office in some higher capacity.

With respect to technical and official information, probably no man knew so much as the retiring under secretary. His knowledge made him chiefly powerful as an antagonist. In this matter-of-fact country, the man who can outrun another in exactness or copiousness of information possesses a formidable advantage; to convict an opponent of "ignorance," even on a triviality, is to lower and weaken him; and there were few of the importunate claimants that besieged the colonial office whom Mr. Stephen could not convict of that disgrace. With unequalled tact and discretion, he had acquired some literary repute without letting it go so far as to override his official reserve; and if his literary repute was not greater, the official reserve passed as a plea to allow him credit for more than he had done. According to this constructive repute, he might have been a Macaulay, but he chose to be a Stephen. In office, like the shield of gold and silver, his manner was different as it was viewed from above or from below; but in both aspects imposing. His superiors have uniformly, we believe, been impressed with the conviction that Mr. Stephen was the least presuming, the least obtrusive, the most zealous and able servant they had ever known. In his presence, men whose "station," not less than personal abilities, placed them at the head of a department in which subordinates possessed more knowledge and more ability, became inspired alike with official wisdom and with a delightful self-reliance; at first mistrusting their formidable subordinate, fearing to commit themselves before him, they were speedily reassured: they seemed to become possessed of all his knowledge and power without any humiliating obligation; their own powers expanded; they found themselves, as they imagined, throwing out suggestions which even he received as masterpieces; and many an official Dombey has dictated just what the Carker required. The aspect of the upper secretary viewed from below was that of a man whom it was impossible to thwart, avoid, or circumvent; everything must pass through that one medium. Mr. Stephen had acquired a repu-

tation for philanthropy: he belonged to the evangelical section of officials, and encouraged missionary enterprises. He was reputed to be incorruptible: to be otherwise would have been fatal to one who had pretensions as a purist, especially as corruption is obsolete among the respectable ranks of official people. It is undeniable that he so managed as to be virtually and effectively the real colonial minister, without offending those who bore the title and were content to bear the responsibility.

If Mr. Stephen's astuteness and unquestionable command of technical knowledge were animated by enlarged views and a generous benevolence, the practical result must have been found in the contentment, or at least the prosperity, of the wide regions subject to his administration.

So far as concerns their official relations, the British colonies present a spectacle altogether the reverse of this.

The British sugar colonies are in the last throes of a struggle for existence. For a dozen years their history has been that of a rapid descent from bad to worse. The policy of the British government has professedly been, to emancipate labor in the West Indies, and to prevent the extension of slave-labor in foreign countries by intercepting the supply of slaves; and for that purpose a vast sacrifice of life and money is made every year on the western coast of Africa: the actual results are, that slave-labor is not checked in foreign countries, but that in the West Indies the supply of labor is cut off. Just as Mr. Stephen is leaving office, the West Indians are meeting to declare that they must give up the struggle against ruin, unless ministers revise their policy and restore "protection"—the West Indian body of London have been up to Downing Street this very week, and the colonists have been planning an aggregate meeting of deputies from the several colonies to be held in one of the islands. The new feature in the present stage of West Indian depression is, that the colonists have lost hope; unless they are in some way relieved by government from the influence of the colonial office as it has hitherto been administered, they despair, and, with the natural exaggeration of despair, anticipate nothing but literal and final ruin. That is the state in which Mr. Stephen leaves the West Indian colonies.

A policy which, in the name of "philanthropy," sought to treat savage aborigines like spoiled children, alienated the loyalty of the Anglo-Dutch population in the Cape colony, ceded to this country by treaty; and in order to bring back the Anglo-Dutch to their allegiance, it was necessary to use force of arms. The war against the Anglo-Dutch is succeeded by a frontier war against the aborigines, whose behavior became intolerable to the veritable British colonists; and in order to wean the savages from the false notions instilled into them by a past policy, it will be necessary to shed much of their blood. Meanwhile, to carry on the war with anything like spirit, and yet with a remains of tenderness for the misguided creatures, is a task that has foiled even the spirited

In order to make such a policy possible, it would be necessary to reduce to a consistent and intelligible shape the relation between the civil government of the country and the church which embodies the faith of the people and owns for its chief an alien prince. The present compromise between a studied ignorance of that church and a faltering recognition is productive of much inconvenience. We recognize an authority which we dangerously abstain from influencing, and still more dangerously we neglect to define its range of action amongst us. Thus the late rescript of the Sacred College at Rome against the new colleges in Ireland is handled in a temper betwixt spleen and fright, which is equally gratuitous and ridiculous. Surely we have "pluck," diligence, and common sense enough to grapple with this question? It is not necessary that we should stop at conjectural speculations on the character of Pius the Ninth, though that may form an element in considering what our policy ought to be. Still less is there any ground to be alarmed at the aspect of that pontiff. Excepting in his political capacity, as a sort of conservative Rienzi, his character has not been distinctly displayed; but it can hardly fail to come under one of the three following descriptions. 1. He might be an indifferentist in religion, and a mere politician using ecclesiastical forms. To this conjecture the well-known traits of his personal character are altogether opposed. Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti supported the name of a noble family, under circumstances of extremely narrow means, with an unaffected dignity that won universal respect. His charity was unbounded, and he has been known to rob his own pantry of its plate when readier means of alms were wanting. He has shown the utmost benevolence and zeal in promoting the studies of youth destined for the church. He has revived the ancient usage of pontifical preaching. And altogether his demeanor is that of an enthusiast rather than an indifferentist. It is especially to be noted that his efforts in the church have been to purify its administration and practice, without *any* change in its dogmatic forms. 2. He may be an ambitious bigot—a Gregory the Seventh, bent on subjugating all temporal authority to the spiritual authority of Rome. For that he is too "spirituel," in the French sense, and evinces too just an appreciation of what in English we call the "spirit of the times." 3. He may be a man who refines on religious dogma, and sees a possibility of adapting it to the spirit of the times. With that conjecture his conduct strictly comports. Accordingly, while we can expect in the present pontiff no departure from the technical usage of the Roman Catholic Church, we may expect in him, if he be rightly informed, a beneficial direction of its spirit. This consideration suggests the shape which the relation between our government and the Roman head of the popular church in Ireland ought to take. We should have an accredited envoy near the person of the pontiff, capable of keeping him truly and sufficiently informed as to the purpose

and scope of such measures in Ireland as concern Roman Catholics, so that the mind of the sovereign pontiff may receive its just degree of enlightenment in shaping his own strictly independent resolves. This much for influence. As to secular *authority*, the sovereign of Rome possesses none in these islands, and we are bound to see that our laws admit of no encroachment in that respect: they should afford no machinery for the enforcement of any civil authority ascribed to the sovereign of Rome, and they should refuse *all* recognition of it. One sort of recognition that we do accord to that authority is very mischievous—it is the maintenance of civil disabilities. In the eye of the civil law, the Roman church is a voluntary association, in no respect differing from a voluntary association for charitable, literary, or scientific objects; and we ought not to confer on it the distinction of persecution. We should not, for instance, withhold from that church powers of endowment which we should grant to a mechanics' institution, a proprietary school, or a hospital. As to the rescripts from Rome, they may well pass, under the freedom of the press, equally with the comments of newspapers. They are expressions of opinion. Our laws may be enforced independently of them. The documents of the church should pass as freely as the statutes of freemasons or the edicts of the odd-fellows; and no member of that church, as such, should be distinguished from any other citizen in secular matters. Let the law deal with him solely according to his secular conduct.

Having rid the subject of the embarrassment belonging to it from acting on religious distinctions, it would be comparatively easy to design a policy for the pacification of Ireland, the design being shaped according to the leading wants. The combined measures should be as few, as simple, and as large in their scope as possible; minor wants being left to adjust themselves by the aid of the energy supplied in the great measures. The crying evils of Ireland are, the bad culture arising from the helplessness of nominal landlords and the cottier system; the pauperized condition of the agricultural population; the redundancy of the population as compared with the present state and extent of agriculture; the anarchy of the country, its distracted councils, and the general indifference to constituted authority. A remedial policy will in the first place enforce tranquillity so far as it can be enforced by an exercise of vigorous authority—armed if necessary: nothing can be done without quiet, and the delirious patient must be held down till the fit is over and the medicaments begin to tell. Do not stop at an arms act, or at any negative and therefore ineffectual measure: martial law even is better, because more positive and less offensive. Next, extend the encumbered estates bill, which was postponed last year, into such a measure as would convert the nominal ownership of Ireland into a real ownership. Real owners will have real tenants, capable of enforcing their own "tenant-right," by independent stipulation.

Protect the laborer by a real enforcement of the poor-law. Relieve the land and the labor-market from the burden of redundant numbers by systematic emigration. And appeal to the real patriots of Ireland—if there are such; call upon the citizens who understand and feel any loyalty towards the state, to stand by the government because it is "the government;" confide in them, honor them, strengthen them, arm them; make no distinctions among any who are loyal, but welcome every citizen alike—Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Church-of-England-man—layman, priest, clergyman, and minister. But above all, while you combine all these measures, *compromise none*. If you use the sword, strike home; if you exact, wring out the last penny due; if you aid, aid effectually until your object be gained; if you confide, trust with generous fulness: let every branch of your policy be carried out without reserve or qualification, so that its purpose be thoroughly realized; and if any hurt be unavoidably inflicted in the operation, with the other hand apply restoratives as boldly and generously. Fulfil the long-deferred conquest of Ireland for herself; your victory will be her peace and prosperity, and will bless your hand of strength.—*Spectator*, 13th Nov.

TEST OF INSANITY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

THE case of Count Mortier affords a remarkable illustration of the fallacy which lurks in the dictum laid down by Mr. Justice Erskine, that a person accused of crime cannot claim impunity on the score of insanity if the circumstances which prompt his morbid excess be real. M. Mortier was insane, and his main delusion was a doubt of his wife's fidelity. Instead of murdering her, however, he resolved to destroy his children and himself; and he was in the act of endeavoring to persuade the frightened children that they ought to be slaughtered, when the police came in and rescued them. Now, M. Mortier was attempting murder: the motive was a delusion, and therefore, according to Mr. Justice Erskine, he may claim mercy; but what if the infidelity of the countess happened to have been real!—the secret fact coinciding with the delusion; a coincidence which would not be unprecedented. In that case, according to Mr. Justice Erskine's view, the count, although as insane as ever, would not be able to claim the indulgence due to insanity. This test fails, because it is confessedly applied, not to the thing which is to be tested, but to something else—not to the morbidity of the perception, but to the reality of the thing perceived. It is well known that there may be a truly insane feeling towards an object without any delusion as to the reality of the object; but if there be deceit, a truly insane perception of outward appearances may by chance coincide with the disguised truth.

What the law will do with Count Mortier is just what it may most safely and beneficially do

in any case: it discovers that he is not in a fit state of mind to go at large, and it seizes him and secludes him until he is put into a safe and fit state of mind, if that ever should be.—*Spectator*.

THE CHOLERA.

FATALISM is a feeling natural to the human breast, and many good Protestants are Mussulmans in sneering at any notion of preparing to meet the cholera, merely because they do not understand that any specific counter-agent has been discovered. Ague has its Peruvian bark, toothache its creosote, but there is no one drug thus curatively associated with cholera; and therefore the desponding, in a mood compounded of despair, indolence, false shame at the fear of using exertions that may fail, and even a cowardice which makes passive submission less terrible because it recognizes the presence of danger less than action, cover their indolence and their dismay by a sneering indifference, as the boy whistles in passing through the churchyard. But besides direct remedies, there are many things which may be done to prepare for disarming or weakening an epidemic. Everything which tends to promote health and remove depressing influences is of that nature. Although there may not be a known course of medical treatment, there must be a probable course; and the public, who cannot universally "call in the doctor," should know what are the precautions to be taken in the economy of daily life. Above all, the public servants should speed whatever is desirable to fortify the public health. Now is the time when we feel the retribution for past sins of omission. We have drains, as in the Tower Hamlets district, that will not drain because the fall is too slight; laws which permit house-owners to withhold communication between their houses and the main drain; and bodies to administer those laws which possess neither the intelligence nor the motive to do their duties effectively.* Sewers, of course, cannot be made by the end of this month, about which time the cholera will be due; but much may be done by mere regulations. The *New York Sun* reports the arrival of an emigrant-ship with one hundred and sixty-five emigrants on board, and without a single case of sickness; a fact which can only be ascribed to the cleanliness that had been enforced by Mr. Watts, the commander. Now we all know what private emigrant-ships usually are—what is the conduct and condition of the "spontaneous" emigrants to North America; and we know that no combination of circumstances can be more adverse to sanitary regulation; surely, what Mr. Watts could effect by moral influence in the crowded space and among the pig-gish inmates of an emigrant-ship, may be done by competent authority in our towns. The pity is that we are still without that competent authority; for, although we cannot reconstruct our towns and dwellings by the arrival of the cholera, we might establish a Board of Health, and the board might advise and direct the public. This is a work suitable to the early session of Parliament, because it is a work that really belongs to the season.—*Spectator*, 6 Nov.

* See a communication on this subject in the *Journal of Public Health*, a monthly periodical, published under the sanction of the Metropolitan Health of Towns Association; the first number appeared on Monday last.

From the Toronto Church.

THE WEST INDIAN COLONIES.

THE accounts which we are now receiving from every quarter, of the disastrous condition of the West Indian Islands, tend to confirm our worst fears for the ultimate safety of these once splendid dependencies of the British crown. The cry is echoed everywhere, without contradiction, that they are absolutely ruined; and as it is not to be supposed that Britain will recede from her present legislative position, we must confess our inability to believe that free trade, as carried out by the government, can do otherwise than precipitate the evils which the colonies foresaw and predicted would result from the measure. Evils which would completely annihilate those means, without which it is impossible for the cultivator and manufacturer of sugar to carry on his operations, viz., the confidence and assistance of the merchant.

When the British nation determined that the institution of slavery should no longer be tolerated in our dependencies, the West Indian colonists sought not to obstruct the scheme of African emancipation. On the contrary, they have done everything in their power to render the success of the measure as perfect and complete as possible. We may appeal to all, in any way conversant with the subject, as to the truth of this avowal. Never was a revolution of corresponding magnitude effected with so little disturbance to a community, and from which all those antagonistic feelings, which are so inherent to party, so speedily subsided. Ireland has for a much longer period enjoyed Roman Catholic emancipation—does she exhibit such a picture of harmonious intercourse between her opposing parties, as do the white classes in the West Indies and their colored brethren, the late slave population? We grant that the disturbance in the relations between master and servant, consequent on negro emancipation, did, in some of the islands, produce a serious interruption to that regular and constant supply of labor which is so essential to the cultivation of the cane. The laborers, wishing to exercise their newly acquired privileges, took possession of unoccupied land, and cultivated it on their own account. This was a natural, though, to both interests, an injurious act, because the laborer engaged in the cultivation of garden patches, which merely sufficed for his own maintenance, abstracted from the staple cultivation that labor by which, and by which alone, wealth and prosperity could be brought to the country in general—thus importing into the West Indies some of those social evils which have proved such a bane to Ireland. In Barbadoes, where there was no unoccupied land, a very different state of things existed. There labor was plentiful and the people fully employed; and notwithstanding that a circle of dry years visited it after the passing of the emancipation bill, the quantity of sugar exported was not less than in corresponding circles under the system of slavery. Last year being the first bountiful year of season, with which the island had been blessed, Barbadoes exported thirty-four thousand hogsheads of sugar, being a quantity considerably greater than it had ever done under the institution of bondage.

Had, then, the British government and people been perfectly consistent in their moral and religious antipathy to slavery, surely they would have adopted such measures as would have secured the success of emancipation. It was their plain and imperative duty to have given every encouragement to the products of slave labor, which design-

ing speculators may have designed to introduce into the market; or, at all events, they were bound to have continued their protection to a people upon whom they were experimenting, and to have refrained from commencing the working of a more hazardous problem, ere the success of the first had been solved. It was declared by the late premier, that it was the wish of her majesty's government to consider the colonies as integral portions of the kingdom. By this he was understood to mean, that each party should enjoy reciprocal advantages, each party ministering to, and receiving corresponding benefits from, the whole connected body. This announcement of England's parental desire to strengthen her rule of government for the colonies, was received with the most lively satisfaction; and, abiding in faith, the colonists were content to fight through their temporary difficulties, and to wait for that season of prosperity which they fondly looked for.

Suddenly, however, and with scarce any preparation, they are summoned to undergo a new experiment. They are unexpectedly called upon to enter into a contest with that very element which England had ejected from her social existence, because she felt its blighting influence, and was satisfied of its moral wrongs. In subjecting her colonies to competition with slavery, the British government has been guilty (we speak after due deliberation) not only of a shameful breach of faith, but of moral dishonesty. These unhappy colonies are to minister to the wishes and desires of England, they must enter into the grand experiment of free trade, but only so far as serves the purposes of the English people. They must not look for any share of the advantages which by remote possibility may accrue from that measure. The West Indian, by a cruel and suicidal policy, is denied the right of manufacturing his own cane-juice into a refined sugar, because a certain class in London, Liverpool and Bristol may thereby be injured. The British merchant must have employment for his vessels, and therefore the West Indian must not dream of freighting American or any other foreign bottoms, although by so doing he would save one half of what he disburses in freight. In like manner, he cannot obtain a market for his spirits, because the British distiller must be protected at all hazards, which are the advantages which free trade holds out to the British West Indian colonies. Such the crooked policy of Great Britain towards these her loyal and exemplary subjects. A policy which we may say has ended in their total and complete destruction; and in riveting on the wrists of the slave those shackles which Britain gloried in having struck from the limbs of her own bondsmen.

How can the West Indian planter stand erect under such a complicated pressure of discouragements? In the first place he is forbid competition with the English refiner, and compelled to enter the lists with the slave producer. Again, the slaveholder is permitted to transmit his products to Britain in vessels built by slaves—manned by slaves—and owned by slave-proprietors—whilst the colonist must transmit his produce to the British market in vessels manned by freemen, who consequently cannot take it at a price by any means as reasonable as the former. Strange as this statement may appear to many of our readers, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true. Ships manned by slaves are constantly trading to England; and not only are the bondsmen narrowly watched while the vessel is in port, but they are nominally articulated in so

strict and stringent a manner, that escape from their owners is almost a matter of impossibility.

From private sources we learn that the work of destruction and desolation is rapidly going on in Jamaica. In that island FIFTEEN ESTATES HAVE BEEN ABANDONED DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS, besides several previously given up. And in other islands parties are inspecting their properties with the view of determining whether it be profitable any longer to continue the working of them. Every expedient has been tried to render the cultivation of the cane by implemental labor as profitable as possible, but beyond a certain point they cannot aspire; and do as they may, the sugar manufactured by slaves must be cheaper than that produced by free men, unless indeed where the population is so dense as to compel labor at diminished prices, or leave starvation as the alternative.

In whatever light we view the ruin of the West India colonies, the picture is a sad and a most dismal one. Who can refrain from sympathizing with a body of once opulent proprietors, lured on to their destruction by a too confiding dependence on the promised protection of the mother country? But, above all, we shudder to contemplate the probable effect which that ruin will produce upon the negro. The white man may escape to America with the remnant which he can happily glean from the wreck of his property. But the poor negro must remain, and remain to degenerate into the hideous barbarism of St. Domingo. It was the settled and oft-repeated conviction of a highly educated and intelligent gentleman of their own race, who long and ably conducted one of the leading journals of the tropics, that no greater curse could befall his black brethren, than the withdrawal of the whites from among them. He regards their departure as the signal for the return of the negro to barbarism, anarchy, and superstition. Where, let us ask, is money to be obtained to carry on the social and moral improvements necessary, as regards both civilization and religion? How is the church to be supported? How are the schools to be carried on? How are the magistracy and the other legal tribunals to be kept up? In a word, where are the means to come from to antagonize that relapse into a degraded and barbarous state which is natural to man when left without these accessory laws of control, and the presence of which is so essential to civilization?

It is not to be wondered at that, in these circumstances, the Kingston Chamber of Commerce should speak out as they have lately done in the following emphatic terms:

"That this chamber views with alarm the commerce of the country daily dwindling into insignificance. Confidence is shaken to its very centre; and it is but too plain to perceive that our most respectable citizens (foreseeing, no doubt, worse evils to come, and no energy exerted to avert them) are leaving the country with the little they have saved from the wreck of their affairs. Estates are fast becoming abandoned. Poverty stares us in the face wherever we go. The expenses of living are enormous, and taxation is unbearable."

THE CITY GENTLEMAN TO HIS INFANT SON.

Air—"Oh, rest thee, my darling."

Oh! slumber my youngster, in ignorance blest,
No thought of the panic deprives thee of rest;
Though things e'er so bad in the city may be,
They give no concern, my young shaver, to thee.

Thou dread'st not to think of the firms that may
smash;

Thou feel'st not the lowness of credit and cash;
Thou heed'st not the tightness of money a jot,
It pinches thee—happy young gentleman!—not.

The bank may determine to put on the screw,
Thou wilt not be frightened; thou'lt never look
blue;

What matter to thee, little fellow of mine,
If discount's at three-and-a-half, or at nine?

Unconscious art thou of such things as bad debts,
With nothing to hope in the shape of assets;
Thou art not disheartened—thou art not dismayed,
To think of the bill to be noted or paid.

Then slumber, young gentleman, rest while you
may,

You'll surely know all about these things one day;
Sleep on, undisturbed by the world's busy hum;
For, like a young bear, you've your troubles to
come. *Punch.*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BETHUNE'S POEMS.—A beautifully printed volume entitled "Lays of Love and Faith," by the Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, is just published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia. Several short poems of Mr. Bethune have already appeared in the periodicals, and given general readers a favorable idea of his poetical powers. These do not appear to have been exercised except occasionally, with no purpose to win a reputation, but the collection more than justifies the good opinion which these casual perusals of his fugitive verses had caused us to form. The volume is at Wiley & Putnam's.

Here is one of these lays of love and faith, well deserving the appellation he has given—a lay warm with love and instinct with faith.

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

Live to do good; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done;
Remember him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected one.
When he was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but while thou servest best
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is oppressed,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrow thou hast wiped away.

Still do those good; but for his holy sake
Who died for thine; fixing thy purpose ever
High as his throne, no wrath of man can shake;
So shall he own thy generous endeavor,
And take thee to his conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to meet the recompense above,
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in anger only weak.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Messrs. James Munroe & Co. have received from the publishers, Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, a volume of poems entitled, "Lays

of Love and Faith, with other Fugitive Poems," by Rev. Dr. George Bethune. It is a very handsome volume, and contains very beautiful poetry. The author introduces his volume with the following lines, which speak well for themselves and him:—

"As one arranges in a simple vase
A little store of unpretending flowers,
So gathered I some records of past hours,
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace;
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers;
But dear memorials of my happy days,
When Heaven shed blessings on my heart, like
showers
Clothing with beauty even the desert place;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of art, the rapture music sends;
And sang away the grief that on man's lot at-
tends."

There are many pieces in this volume of great beauty; among those which will be read over and over again with renewed pleasure, are the verses, "To my Mother," "To my Wife," "Spsie," "Early Lost and Early Saved," "The Fourth of July." Some of the articles in this volume have been published in the journals of the day, but they are too valuable to be left so scattered, and the volume is a precious addition to any library.

Daily Advertiser.

Old Wine in new Bottles; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris. By Augustus Kinsly Gardner, M. D. New York: Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis.

"Dr. Gardner has made a very sprightly and amusing book, out of his Paris experiences. Some objection may be made by the fastidious, to portions

of his recollection, as being more frank than squeamish. But though he is not 'insolently nice,' he is unexceptionably moral, as far as we have been able to penetrate; and tells us many true things about the city of all the earth for variety and gayety."—*Mrs. Kirkland in Union Magazine.*

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1848. James Munroe & Co., Boston.

This is the nineteenth year of this, the most elegant and useful work of the kind. We are much obliged to the publishers for our copy.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers continue the beautiful and good *Pictorial History of England*.

They have just issued:

The Philosophy of Life and Philosophy of Language. By Frederick von Schlegel. Translated by the Rev. J. W. Morrison, M. A.

The Convict; or, the Hypocrite Unmasked. By G. P. R. James.

Rainbows for Children. Edited by L. Maria Child. Beautifully embellished. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

"These sweet little fairy stories have, beyond mere present delight, the further intent to lay the foundation of that something better, on which we must depend for the sunshine of life after fairy days are gone. They are full of a sweet spirit; of a delicately-hinted good purpose; of Christian sentiments, and cheerful wisdom. They are told with much elegance, and in the purest Saxon English. Mrs. Child's spiriting has been done not only gently but effectually."—*Mrs. Kirkland's Union Mag.*

Messrs. Francis & Co. have also published, *Midsummer Eve: a Fairy Tale of Love.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. We read and love all that Mrs. Hall writes.

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The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at No. 165 Tremont St., BOSTON. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, remittances and orders should be addressed to the office of publication as above.

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twenty dollars, or two dollars each for separate volumes. Any number may be had at 12½ cents.

AGENCIES.—The publishers are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. But it must be understood that in all cases payment in advance is expected. The price of the work is so low that we cannot afford to incur either risk or expense in the collection of debts.

